
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

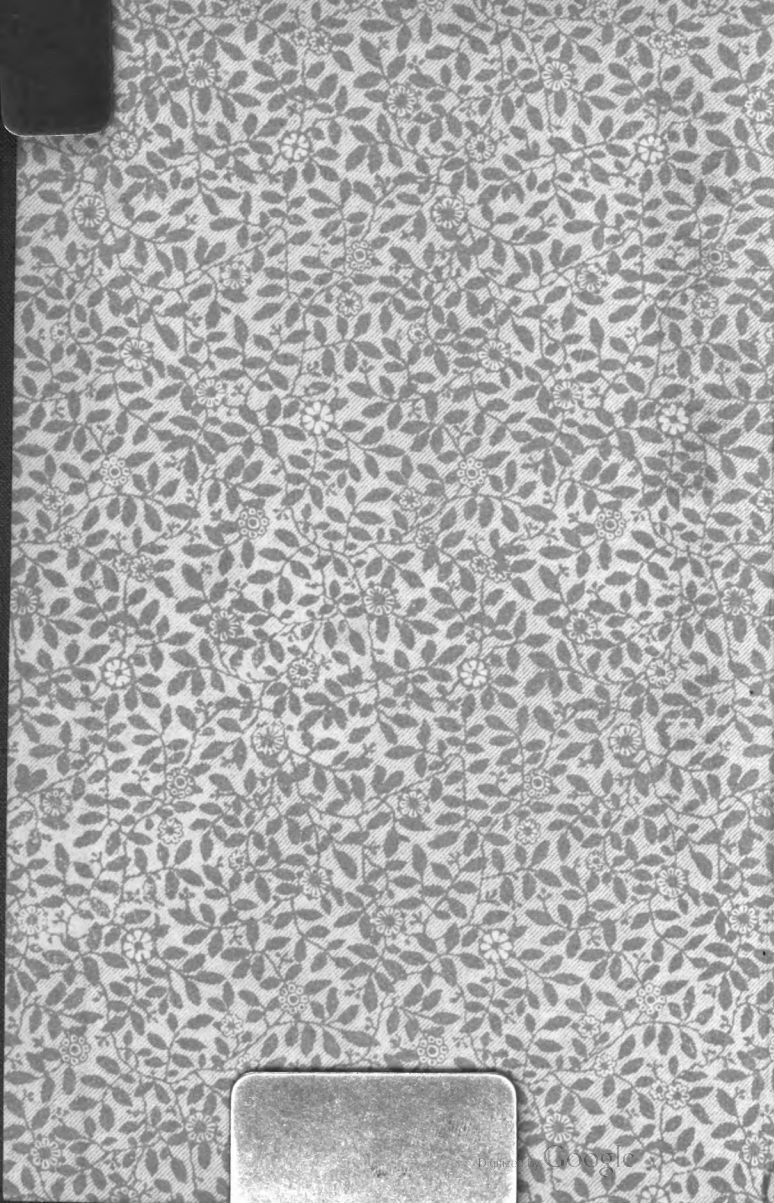
Google[™] books

<http://books.google.com>



SNOWFLAKES,
AND
OTHER TALES







600100977U

SNOWFLAKES,

AND

OTHER TALES.

BY

M. SINCLAIR ALLISON.



R. WASHBOURNE,
18 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.
1885.

1489. f. 227.





CONTENTS.



	PAGE
SNOWFLAKES - - - -	- 5
THE SONG OF THE WIND - -	- 23
THE RAINDROPS - - -	- 35
THE SUNBEAM'S STORY - -	- 53



SNOWFLAKES.



SNOWFLAKES.

IT is Christmas Eve. But not such a Christmas Eve as country children know and love to picture.

The air is not crisp and clear ; no fields and meadows are to be seen covered with freshly-fallen snow or sparkling hoar-frost ; no trees or hedges hung with glittering icicles. There is no hard-frozen road over which merry feet scamper, as their owners bear along, midst fun and laughter, the holly boughs to deck their home, or the ashen fagot to blaze and crackle upon the large open hearth.

No ; the scene of which we are writing is very different, for it is in the heart of a

busy city. Omnibuses, carts, and cabs pass and repass in the bustling streets; people jostle and elbow each other as they hurry by on the damp and greasy pavement; while the dull leaden clouds look so close to the tops of the tall sooty chimneys that we feel quite sure that the snowstorm which has been threatening all the day must soon fall now.

Country children would find it very sad and dreary, especially if they chanced to catch sight of a little figure crouching against the iron railings round one of the tallest and gloomiest of the houses. Not a light is to be seen in any of the grimy looking windows. The stone steps, on one of which little Pierre is sitting, and which lead up to a black, sulky looking door, are dirty and uneven; though the busy folks who from morning till evening seem to go incessantly up and down them, are far too intent on the business of the moment to notice this. However, the house is silent

and deserted now, for though it is scarcely five o'clock, the eager money-making men have all departed; the heavy sulky door is locked, not to be opened again till the joy-bells have rung out, 'Peace and goodwill towards men.' Certainly little Pierre would not recognise these same portly gentlemen, could he see them now in their bright cosy homes, as they toss baby in the air, or stoop down on their big solemn knees to allow little Tom or Lily to rifle their pockets of an endless store of toys and sweetmeats.

How can poor little Pierre picture to himself such a home-scene as this, when his own idea and recollections of one are so widely different? Is he dreaming of *his* home now, I wonder, as, seated on the worn and muddy steps, he leans against the area railings, heedless of the damp and cold? Do you see how one little arm is twined round a bar, and supports his head; how the eyes, which seem so

large and dark in contrast to the thin, sallow face, have a wistful, far-away look?

Ah, assuredly little Pierre is thinking of something very different from the wooden tray of matches which, hung from his neck by a leathern strap, rests unnoticed upon his knees. See how the stream of foot-passengers continues to flow past him, yet he never attempts to accost them and offer his boxes of lights for sale! For Pierre is no longer in the bustling English city, but far away in the little village in Auvergne where the *bonne maman* lives—the old *bonne maman* who took him and little Henri and baby Jeanne, when father and mother died. It is eight months since he has seen that little French home, and to one of Pierre's age eight months is a long long time; but how well he remembers it all!

The small old-fashioned village with its one narrow crooked street, which he used

to think so grand, it seemed to lie so snugly against the big mountain which sheltered it. How free and happy he had been in the summer-time, when the sun shone warm and bright and he ran bare-footed up the winding mountain-path, picking gay flowers, and waving grasses to offer to any chance visitor whom the coach might bring to the village! How pleased and proud he had been to bring the *bonne maman* a few centimes earned in this way, or by acting as guide to strangers! But although the centimes were counted and recounted, they made very few sous. And then came the long winter, when nothing could be gained. How cold it was then, to be sure! But oh! what fun when, with wooden sabots on their feet and their sheepskins wrapped tightly round them, they clattered along the little frozen pathway, which had been cut through the snow, to the dear old church!

However, those happy days could not, and did not, last long. With all the best will in the world, the *bonne maman* could not find enough soup to fill the three young mouths which had come to her. So it happened that when Cousin Louis astonished the whole village by saying he meant to 'cross the sea' and seek his fortune in rich England, and asked if Pierre might go with him, the latter was too brave, and felt himself too much of a man, to refuse.

It is true that his heart ached sorely at the thought of going away; and that night after night he cried himself to sleep, but that was in the dark, when nobody saw or heard him. In the daytime he felt of so much importance, for all the village spoke of the wonderful journey before them, and of the fortune they would make. For had not Cousin Louis heard again and again, from the friend who was valet to an English 'milord,' how rich 'les

Anglais' were, and how they threw about their silver and even their gold ?

Why, had not Monsieur le Curé, himself, one day called him into his little room, and taking down a large book from a shelf, read to him about that rich, rich island, where the people, although so proud and cold, were honourable and truth-loving ? He had even showed him pictures of them. The men dressed in large plaid coats and trousers, and the ladies in gay shawls, their hair done in straight curls and their large front teeth projecting so oddly.

Little Pierre looked at them, wondering vaguely if his teeth would ever grow like that, while Monsieur le Curé went on to explain to him all about the long journey before him—how he would not only have to travel by train, but cross the sea in a large ship.

It had all sounded very strange and rather awful to him then ; but it was

over now. Cousin Louis' friend, who was in Paris at the time, had helped them a great deal, and had told another friend to meet them when they landed from the ship.

England was not quite so wonderful as he had imagined; to be sure the people spoke very curiously, and it was a long time before he could make out one word they said; but he was now beginning to understand and to be understood. Then he discovered that all the women had not long curls and large teeth. The English 'milords' (or what Pierre supposed to be 'milords') did not pull handfuls of gold and silver out of the pockets of big-checked trousers, and everyone did not live upon roast beef! No; indeed, he had often felt cold and wet and hungry in this rich island, and had longed for the little home in Auvergne.

Still, on the whole, Pierre had been very brave and good. One thing he had never

forgotten, and that was to kneel down night and morning and say the little prayer Monsieur le Curé had taught him; it always seemed to him, then, as if he were quite near to the *bonne maman*, Henri, and little Jeanne. Just as if the good God took them all into His arms together, and blessed them.

Cousin Louis, who was quick and strong, had soon been employed as porter in an hotel, where French people often came; and when Pierre was bigger, and knew his way better about the large city, he was to go there as errand boy; in the meantime he had sold matches, and got on pretty well, for he had even been able to save up a little money—three francs, which he was hoping to send the *bonne maman* as her *étrennes*; that is what little Pierre called a New Year's present to his grannie.

But if everything has been going on so well, you will ask why Pierre now looks so sad and weary? Why does he not offer

his matches for sale ? he has only taken twopence to-day, and has a whole trayful of boxes left.

Unfortunately things had not been going on so well lately. About a fortnight ago poor Cousin Louis had slipped down on the pavement and sprained his ankle so badly, that he had not been able to do any work since ; all his small savings and Pierre's daily earnings had barely sufficed to keep them ; and now, to add to the misfortune, the rent for their little garret must be paid, and Pierre's little nest-egg must pay it !

So, after all, poor grannie would have to go without her New Year's gift ! Then to-day everyone had been in such a hurry, so full of business, that at last the poor little match-boy, after being first pushed here and then jostled there, had crouched down weary and dispirited upon the steps of the big, gloomy house.

He felt so sad and lonely, so full of pity

for himself, and the more he pitied himself the sadder he grew. We all know that nothing makes our courage and strength melt away more than self-pity does. It is astonishing how much lighter our own troubles become, if we think of the greater sufferings of others. Pierre was forgetting to do this now. He only remembered what a lonely, ill-used little boy he was, and so his bright hopefulness and courage began to melt away very fast indeed ; next, the tears began to gather in the dark eyes, then they rolled slowly down the sallow little cheeks, and fell plash, plash upon the gay match-boxes.

At the same moment something fell upon his hand—something so soft, and light, and damp, that he looked down quickly. It was a large white snowflake—then came another, and yet another.

The busy passers-by pulled up the collars of their coats, and hurried along quicker than ever, muttering that the

snowstorm had come at last, and would prove a heavy one. Then little Pierre looked up, but he smiled through his tears at the softly falling flakes, for they meant more than a coming storm to him. They were the first he had seen since he left his dear Auvergne, and were so many white-winged messengers whispering of the old home, and bidding him take heart.

‘Here! my little man! any lights left?’ asked a cheerful voice as a gentleman stopped for a moment before the little figure, which instantly sprang up. ‘Why, a whole trayful, I declare! Not done much business to-day, eh! Well, here’s something to make up for it! Get home sharp, my lad, and have a happy Christmas!’

With a kindly nod the speaker passed on, and something fell with a clink among the match-boxes.

A large piece of silver! Could it be possible? Pierre took it in his hand,

turning it over with surprised delight. Happy? Of course he would be happy now, for here was money for the rent, and grannie would have her New Year's gift after all!

A happy Christmas! With beaming eyes the child once more gazed up into the now swiftly falling snow, for he guessed that it was falling just as softly and silently round the dear old home. How pure and beautiful everything would look to-morrow for the feast! It almost seemed to him as if the snowflakes were repeating to him that 'sweet story of old,' which the *bonne maman* had so often told them on Christmas Eve. The story of that wondrous night long years ago, when a little child had been born in a manger amidst the snow and ice—a little child whose baby hands were filled with gifts of love and pardon for all mankind!

Then she would go on to tell them that they must all try and make a fit home in

their little hearts for the Infant Saviour, Whose delight is to be with the children of men—how they must cleanse them by sorrow for past faults, warm them with love and charity, and make them bright and pretty with good resolutions and resolves. Then they would all kneel down, and say together their night prayers. They would think of and pray for the absent Pierre, as each one in turn said reverently: ‘Sweet Infant Jesus, make me a child like Thee!’

‘Ah! he had not been preparing his heart for the coming Feast,’ he thought sadly. Still, it was not yet too late!

At this moment a bright light, flashing up suddenly from the opposite side of the street, attracted his attention. What could it be? It was not a gas-lamp. It came—yes, surely it came from the large dark-looking church on the other side.

Pierre had often looked at this church, as he walked up and down with his

matches, and wondered what it was like inside ; but he had never been able to see, for the high iron gates in front were always shut and locked. Dodging his way through the omnibuses and cabs, he crossed the street. The large iron gates were open now, also the doors ; so Pierre went in.

How beautiful it looked ! All the pillars were twined with green leaves and shining berries, which looked so brilliant in the gas-light ! Treading softly, the boy ventured partly up the aisle ; then suddenly stopped. A smile of joy and wonder broke over his face as, kneeling down, he clasped his little hands.

At the extreme end of the church, in front of him, just where the light was strongest and fullest, two crimson scrolls were fixed up ; something white and dazzling was sprinkled on them in the form of letters. Surely it must be snow ! Pierre spelt out the words ; and this is what his snowflakes told him :

‘Unto us a Child is born,
Unto us a Son is given.’

Then the group of workers raised the third and centre scroll; and ‘Gloria in excelsis Deo, in terra pax’ (‘Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace’), that grand sweet song of the angels, broke from their lips as they looked at the shining letters.

And they chatted gaily of the work they had finished, as, gathering together the leaves and branches which were left, they prepared to leave the church.

They did not see that which God and the angels saw—a little boy kneeling for a moment on the stones, forgetful of all weariness and cold, though the freshly fallen snow still clung about him. They had not heard, for only God and the angels heard, the prayer which rose from a loving, grateful heart, and trembled on the childish lips: ‘Sweet Infant Jesus, make me a child like Thee!’

THE SONG OF THE WIND.



THE SONG OF THE WIND.

HOW bright the room looked with the lights, and plants, and flowers, and the groups of gaily dressed children dancing so merrily in time to the music !

It was like fairy-land, thought the Oleander, or that beautiful land in the south of which it so often dreamed. And that little girl with the long golden hair, and white frock floating round her like a soft cloud, was the 'Queen of the Fairies !'

Then the Oleander tried to shake its leaves and delicate pink blossoms to find out if it were really awake, and in that dull, cold land of the north to which it had been brought a tiny slip when cut from its parent tree so many years ago.

Oh yes! it was certainly wide awake; of that there could be no doubt—for at that very instant a little boy passed and roughly broke off one of its pretty flowers to throw at his cousin, who was dancing so happily with the ‘Queen of the Fairies.’ However, the tree soon forgot its pain in looking on at what it now knew was reality and no mere dream. What a delightful change it was, to be sure, to see so much gaiety after having been shut up so long in the quiet conservatory! Of course the Oleander had many floral companions there, although the Aloes and Camellias were nearly its only friends, as the other plants and flowers were continually coming and going. It is true that this constant change of scene gave them plenty to talk about, for they not only paid visits to the house and garden, but some of them were even invited to dine with the family from time to time, and always occupied the posts of honour—so they said—in the very centre of the

table. And what wonderful stories they related of all they saw and heard ! while the Oleander, who was so much bigger than any of them, knew nothing worth telling.

It had been so very young when first it was put into the conservatory, that when it was asked to entertain the company by recounting some of its experiences, it could never get beyond a confused recollection of dazzling blue sky, warm scented air, and a little child playing around the parent tree, sometimes stopping to caress its blossoms with her tiny hands. Then one day it dimly remembered that a tall maiden came, and with tears and smiles cut it (then a young and tender spray) from the parent tree. She placed cool earth and sweet damp moss around its smarting stem, and as it lay half faint with pain and fright, the little child drew near, and pressed her rosy lips for one moment to its glossy leaves. After this all seemed dark, and it remembered nothing more until it found

itself in the conservatory, where it had lived ever since, and grown up.

But these memories, as I said, were so indistinct, and the Oleander spoke of them so timidly, that the *Lilium Auratum* would toss her saucy head, exclaiming, 'Mere childish nonsense! We cannot attend to such rubbish! Dear Miss *Camellia*, will you repeat once more your thrilling little romance?'

'Oh, pray do!' the other flowers would urge; and the Oleander, silenced and ashamed, would listen to the *Camellia*'s story, wondering sadly if it would ever have one of its own to tell.

At this moment the lace curtains in front of the open window moved gently, and a soft breeze stole in, and began fluttering among the branches of the Oleander.

'Good-evening, my little friend!' murmured the Wind. 'I have just come up from your lovely home in the south. What a pleasure to meet you so soon!'

'My home!' whispered the Tree, its

leaves trembling with excitement. 'Oh, tell me about it, dear Wind! Do you think, as the *Lilium Auratum* does, that all I remember about the tall maiden, the little child, the bright blue sky, and the scented air is mere childish nonsense?'

'Nonsense? No, indeed, dear Tree! Why, one of my sweetest songs is about your dear old home. Would you like to hear it?'

The Tree gently rustled its leaves for answer, and the Wind began :

'Down in the South, in that bright land where the sky is always clear and blue as a sapphire, where golden oranges, luscious figs, and clusters of purple and amber grapes ripen in the brilliant sunshine, there stood a beautiful garden. Yuccas, aloes, camellias, and roses bloomed there in wild profusion, for the gardener was not allowed to tyrannize over them by pruning their branches too closely. All the plants and flowers loved this home. The stately Magnolia-tree always wore

her glossiest leaves and finest blossoms. The delicate Pepper-tree delighted to wave her feathery boughs in the warm, sweet air which blew over the garden, laden with the perfume of tuberose and orange-blossoms, and the scarlet bloom of the Pomegranate was quite dazzling to look at. The cigale and the grasshopper made music all through the sunny day; and at night the fireflies danced merrily in and out among the olive-trees, while the little bell-frog chirped forth his silvery note.

‘ But amongst all the shrubs and flowers, none were so much loved by the gentle mistress of the garden as the Oleander; and of all the Oleanders, not one was so petted and cared for as the tree which grew near the fountain where the gold-fish lived. She had planted it herself when first she came to the garden, and it had always been tended by her alone. She loved to sit beside it, working and watching the little children, who each in turn played near it.

‘Thus the months and seasons came and went, bringing joys and sorrows to the owner of the garden.

‘The first little child had grown into a tall maiden now, and left the old home for one of her own in a far land. But before she went, she cut a tiny branch from her mother’s favourite tree, that it might grow and bloom in memory of the sunny south.’

Here the Oleander trembled with joy, for it knew that its dream of the past was not ‘childish nonsense’ after all.

‘Two other children also left the garden, but it was for a brighter one above, where the flowers and sunshine never fade. One little child still remained, who played, and laughed, and sang the livelong day.

‘And the months and seasons came and went. Then suddenly a dark cloud of trouble burst over the happy garden. It broke the heart of the gentle mistress, who drooped and died; and the master’s proud head was bowed with grief and shame. Poor and disgraced, he had to

leave the sunny home; but he was not alone. By this time the last little child had in turn grown into a fair young maiden, and became her father's help and stay. She tried to hide her own grief, that he might always have the sunshine of her smile. She made the little home to which they went gay with flowers, and would even sing softly as she worked for their daily bread.

'How I loved to creep in through the vine that clustered round their little window, and cool her aching head, as she sat working so cheerfully at the delicate leaves and flowers she sold to the large shop in the town. Her fingers were so light, her wreaths and garlands were so well made, that they sold for more than any other person's.

'Sometimes I would manage to steal across to the corner of the room where her father sat, as if hiding away from sight. I would gently lift the white hair from his wrinkled forehead, hoping that

the sweet perfume I brought him would make him raise his bowed head. But he never did. No strangers ever entered the little room, and he shrank from all his old friends, even refusing to let them know where he was. But the maiden's courage never failed. Tenderly and lovingly she cared for him, working through the sad and lonely hours, with her smile and sweet, low song.

'So the months and seasons came and went. At last they brought another change. One day when I stole in through the vine-leaves the man's chair was empty, and the maiden was quite alone!'

'And is she still quite alone?' asked the Oleander softly, as the Wind was silent for a moment.

'The last time I went into the little room, the maiden was gone, and strangers had made it their home. Can you not guess where the maiden is now?' whispered the Wind.

The little Tree trembled with a strange excitement, for see! the tall, stately mistress of the house was coming towards the window where it stood, and by her side was a maiden, oh! so sweet and fair!

‘See, Ella, here is a friend from the old home waiting to welcome you! A souvenir of our mother’s favourite tree!’

With smiles and tears the maiden bent down, and once more two rosy lips were pressed to the Oleander’s glossy leaves.

Soon the window was closed, and the Wind went away. The lights were put out, and the music was hushed, for the merry feet were too tired to dance any more. The ‘Queen of the Fairies,’ who had received her mother’s good-night kiss, lay sleeping, flushed and smiling in her little bed.

And the Oleander-tree? It had recognised the tall maiden and the little child it used to know so many long years ago in the beautiful garden in the south; so it had its story now, and was happy!

THE RAINDROPS.



THE RAINDROPS.

‘**U**GLY, spiteful rain! I knew it would come to-day!’ cried Mildred, as she stood at the window, her eyes full of angry tears of disappointment.

‘Seems as though it likes to spoil treats,’ murmured Gracie, between her sobs.

Pitter - patter, pitter - patter, splash, splash, went the rain against the nursery window in reply. And splash, splash went the tears down four sad little cheeks.

It was very hard, certainly. Aunt Kate, who lived in the country, had invited Mildred and Gracie to spend a long day, and have a good romp with their cousins

and some little friends, as it would be Cousin Clare's birthday. As soon as they arrived, they were to have an early dinner, and then start for the wood, where they would play all the afternoon; then boil the water in the old gipsy-kettle, and have tea under the trees.

Mamma had promised that if they were very good, they should have a holiday and go. For a whole week they had been looking forward to to-day, and had worked so hard at their lessons. Every morning they had run the first thing to the window to peep at the weather, and it was always bright and sunny.

But this very day, the most important one of all, the sky had been cloudy and overcast. Papa, too, had looked rather grave as he tapped the barometer in the hall on his way out, and had said to mamma :

‘ Dear me ! how the glass is falling ! I hope you’ll be able to go ! ’

They did not understand what he meant, it is true, but still they felt very anxious as they ran up to the nursery, after giving papa a good-bye kiss.

It was nearly time for them to think of putting on hats and jackets, when down came the rain in torrents, and mamma sent word to nurse that they would not be able to go to-day.

What a terrible disappointment, to be sure! Just as they were speaking, mamma came into the room, and we can easily believe that she found two wobegone and rather cross little girls crying by the window.

‘I am so sorry for my pets!’ said mamma. ‘But we must have our holiday at home to-day; and our great treat will come soon. Aunt Kate is sure to fix another day.’

‘Horrid rain!’ pouted Mildred. ‘It always comes when it’s not wanted.’

‘Perhaps it likes to make people cry,’

said little Gracie. 'Mamma, why is it so cross and unkind?'

'I don't think it means to be that, Gracie,' replied mamma, smiling. 'Suppose I try and tell you the history of some little raindrops, where they went and what they did; and you shall decide whether they really are spiteful and cross.'

Nothing pleased Mildred and Gracie more than to hear one of mamma's tales; they always taught them so much, made them think of so many things, besides amusing them.

So they fetched two little stools, placed them close to the chair on which mamma seated herself, and in the delight of listening, they soon forgot their disappointment.

'How happy the little raindrops were the day they fell in a rattling shower on the top of the dear old mountain!

'It was the first home they could remember, and what a happy one it was, to

be sure! The mountain was so kind, and had so much to show and teach them.

‘Through sunshine, storm, and rain it was always the same—so calm and patient, protecting the small and feeble, and giving a home and nourishment even to the stiff gloomy fir-trees, whom the little raindrops thought so proud and domineering. But the mountain seemed as good to them as to the young plants and shrubs to which it lent a helping hand when they tried to climb its high steep side.

‘The day on which the merry shower came chattering down, the drops were all so gay and full of fun that some of the most daring and mischievous of them even ventured to cluster on the branches of the solemn firs, where they lay for a few seconds sparkling with laughter. But the boughs, offended at the liberty they had taken, shook them off impatiently, and they fell to the ground, where they joined their brothers and sisters, with

whom they danced joyously in a little pool, until they became such a large party that they streamed down the mountain-side.

‘ They trickled away one after another through the sloe-bushes and the brambles which were holding out their snowy blossoms to the hungry bees ; amongst the waving grass and sweet wild thyme—stopping, however, every now and then in the midst of their mirth and frolic to cool and refresh a thirsty blade or parched-up root. Then on they went, happier than ever at having been able to do a kind action and help another.

‘ At length they reached the bottom of the hill, where they leapt on a large boulder which lay before them, in order to take a last peep at the kind mountain-top.

‘ How beautiful it looked ! The wind had blown aside the fleecy clouds which had covered it like a veil, and the sun had

now placed a glittering crown of gold upon its grand old head.

“Good-bye, dear mountain,” sighed the raindrops, as they splashed over the other side of the stone. “We are sorry to leave you. You make us so happy! But you taught us that we must not live all for ourselves. We are poor little things, but we’ll work together, and try to remember the motto you gave us, ‘Be glad and make glad!’ It shall be our song as we journey along in life. Good-bye, dear mountain—good-bye!” and the last little drop dashed over the boulder stone.

‘By this time they were so many in number that they became a small brook, which gurgled on over the earth and stony gravel. But it was very different here from the soft green mountain-side. No sweet young grass tempted it to pass; all was parched up and bare, so the brook found good hard work to do.

‘But it worked with a will. Now we all know that “Where there’s a will, there’s a way.” So our brooklet found, for in time it dug out a tiny bed in the gravelly soil, in which it rippled pleasantly. The little stones became bright and shining when it passed over them, and the poor thirsty ground drew strength and moisture from its kindly waters.

‘As it journeyed through the dreary waste, it often felt weak and tired, and at last had scarcely the force to run; but still it struggled on, brightly and willingly giving to all it met on its way, and singing to itself the mountain’s song, “Be glad, and make glad.”

‘Busily and happily it travelled along, never stopping to grumble or complain. By degrees the earth became soft and dark, and soon it met with grass once more. Oh, how happy it was! How it sparkled and danced on the tender turf, and burrowed its way quite close to the

roots of the little green blades, which seemed like friends from the dear old home.

“Stay! where are you going in such a hurry? Stop and rest a bit with me!” called out a drowsy voice.

‘The little brook sprang over a branch which lay in its road, and in jumping peeped to see who spoke.

‘It was a large round pool, which was lying not far off, and really seemed half-asleep, for it never troubled to move.

“We are going through life,” replied the brook, “and have so much to do that we can’t stop to gossip, Mr. Pool.”

“Oh, nonsense!” rejoined the other. “If you bustle along in that absurd fashion, helping everyone you meet, you’ll exhaust yourself, and be quite used up when the summer comes; and what will you do then? No, no; learn a lesson from me, and take care of yourself, and stay snug in your bed, and leave others to look after

their own affairs. ‘Everyone for himself,’ is my motto, friend !”

‘ “The mountain told us to give all we can—to be glad, and make glad—that the good God sent us on His own bright earth to rejoice and work for Him, by helping others with a willing heart—that we must try to be happy in forgetting ourselves, and trust to God for help.”

‘ “That’s old-fashioned nonsense, my little friend ! But there, I can’t trouble to argue the matter. Don’t bother me, that’s all, when you’re ruined and all dried up ! Ta-ta ! never mind answering me ; I’m off to sleep !”

‘ So the brook left the selfish pool and went briskly downhill for a time, and then reached a little valley, where another young brook like a silvery ribbon was busily winding along. They agreed to join and work together, and so they became a stream which watered the valley as it passed through.

‘The tall grass and slender weeds on its banks waved their thanks to it, in changing shadows which fell and played over its shining surface.

‘The clouds, too, seeing the good it did, came near, and bending over it, opened their hands and filled it so full of soft splashing rain, that it grew wider and deeper the farther it went.

‘It passed through meadows sprinkled with daisies and clover, where buttercups shone in golden patches. It moistened the ground, and the trunks of the trees were covered with rich green moss, in which the violet and anemone hid themselves and played with the sunbeams at hide-and-seek.

‘The summer arrived, and it became very hot. The clouds gave no more rain, and the sun began to burn and scorch the land.

‘The stream, however, scarcely felt the heat, for the alders and willows which grew

on its banks spread their green arms out to shade it, and moved their boughs gently to and fro to fan and cool its waters; while the young twigs bent down and kissed it and thanked it for all its care, and nodded their green tops, as if keeping time to the music of its song, "Be glad, and make glad."

'The cattle came at noonday to rest on its shady banks and quench their thirst. And the children learned to love it, for they soon found out that the finest forget-me-nots and the sweetest cress could be picked at its water's edge. So through the long hot summer they sat and played by its side, making daisy-chains and wreaths of flowers which they threw to the laughing stream.

'One day it heard the children speak of the selfish pool. They said that its stagnant water had never done any good, but slept in its bed till the thick green slime had almost covered it. Nothing grew near

to shade or shelter it, so when the hot weather came, the sun soon dried it up. Then the farmer ordered its place to be filled up, and the pool disappeared.

‘Time went by till the stream got so strong that at last it could turn the mill-wheels; then it became a river which carried barges and boats.

‘Thus it sang and laboured, and flowed along till at last it drew near the sea. Then the raindrops felt that their work was done, and thought that they would now be swept away by the rolling waves.

‘But why should they be afraid? They had practised the lessons which the mountain had taught them in the old home far away, “To forget themselves in their thoughtfulness for others—to be glad, and make glad—and thus to praise and serve the good God.”

‘Nearer and nearer they came to the sea. They could hear its loud wild roar!

Another moment and they will be swallowed up!—but no!

‘The sun sent down his strong bright rays, and drew up the raindrops in a vapoury mist which floated on for a while, then sank till it lay in a soft grey cloud round the dear old mountain-top!’

‘Kind little raindrops! I’m glad they reached home again!’ said Gracie. ‘Ah, mamma, what a lot they did! and I know you mean that we must try and be like them.’

‘But how can we, I wonder?’ exclaimed Mildred.

‘Be glad, and make glad!’ replied mamma, smiling. ‘Begin with little things at home, as the raindrops did on the mountain. If you make up your minds to try, you will find out so many ways. Be bright, smiling little raindrops to papa and mamma, doing all they ask and wish. Be kind and patient with baby,

and see how you can amuse and help your little friends. If my little girls do this, and try to forget themselves, they will grow into the happy stream.'

'We were sulky Mr. Pools this morning, mamma,' said Mildred sorrowfully. 'But we'll begin and try to be drops of rain, won't we, Gracie?'

Gracie nodded her head gravely. Then drawing closer to mamma, asked :

'Must we go down to the big sea?'

'We all go to it, Gracie! But if my darlings are good, they will rise up far higher than the clouds of mist; for our Father in heaven, Whom they will have loved and served, will call them to a home far brighter than the mountain-top! But see, the rain is nearly over now, and I really think we shall have a little walk together this afternoon! And another day, I dare say, the sunbeam will tell us a little story!'

THE SUNBEAM'S STORY.



THE SUNBEAM'S STORY.

THE little sunbeam had been up several hours, darting about hither and thither, when it caught sight of a large tempting window. On the sill were pots of flowers, over which it danced for a second or two.

Now, if the truth must be told, our beam was rather an inquisitive little fellow, fond of pushing its way into all kinds of odd nooks and corners. So, not content with seeing the outside of the window, it suddenly sprang from the leaves of the plants through the laths of the Venetian blinds, and into the room beyond, without stopping to apologize for its unlooked-for visit, or to say, 'By your leave !'

It was a nursery, the little sunbeam saw at a glance, and a very comfortable one too. A bright flowery carpet covered the floor, pictures hung on the walls, and toys of all kinds were strewn about.

Close to the window, trying to work, sat nurse. But it was not an easy matter, for the blinds, as we have said, were down, so the room was by no means lightsome.

Our friend the beam looked round for the child, or children, who ought to have been playing about. It began to think that there were none, when the cloth, which was drawn down to the ground on the side of the table next to the window, moved slightly, and in a moment the sunbeam slipped under, determined to find out what was going on there.

'I don't want any light! I won't have it, nurse! Send it away!' screamed a peevish voice.

'It's only a little sunbeam, Miss Sophie, that's slipped through the blind.'

‘Send it away, I say! I don’t want the ugly thing! I will have it dark!’

The sunbeam seemed to be shaking with laughter, for it quivered all over the cross little face, and Sophie screamed louder than ever.

‘Let down the blind, nurse! I *will* have it down! The horrid sun is spoiling my plague of Egypt!’

‘The blind is down, darling. If it’s turned darker I can’t see to work.’

‘I don’t care! I want to play at the ninth plague of Egypt Aunt Rachel told me about, and I *will* have it dark!’

Here Sophie dragged the tablecloth angrily, and down it came! Clatter, clatter, fell nurse’s work-basket and a large box of bricks; and there, under the table, sat the crossest, ugliest little girl the sunbeam had ever shone upon.

From her wide-open mouth came dismal howls, her poor eyes were so screwed up

that nothing could be seen of them, and her heels were noisily kicking the floor.

Nurse jumped up and tried to pacify her, but she still cried out :

‘Nasty sun! It shall go away! I’ll tell mamma you won’t make it dark, and let me play!’

‘Hush, my pet! hush! You’ll make yourself ill!’ coaxed nurse. ‘See! I’ll shut the shutters, and it will be quite night.’

And bang went the heavy wooden shutters on the little sunbeam. It tried hard to discover a chink through which it could peep in and see the game, but no chink was to be found. So, disappointed and pained at the rebuff it had received, it went off and left spoilt Sophie and her nurse to enjoy the plague of darkness alone.

This visit had so subdued the beam, that it had not the heart to shine again for some time. However, when next it

came out, it played on the sooty chimneys and grimy roof of a house in a dull, narrow court.

Down below could be heard the sound of children laughing, crying, romping, and fighting. Poor little things! how dirty and dreary their playground was! So different from peevish Sophie's pretty nursery! The sunbeam longed to slip down in their midst, to have a merry game, and whisper to them of the glad, bright things it knew. But it was so high up, that as it danced down the smoky chimney-pot, it could only leap through the garret window of the opposite house.

Such a poor, broken window it was; all the glass was either cracked or mended with pieces of paper and rag. But the beam popped through an upper pane, and into the garret it went on a voyage of discovery.'

It was a tiny room, with a low, sloping ceiling and bare, white-washed walls, which

were all discoloured. The floor, though worm-eaten and poor, was swept as clean as the old stump of a broom in the corner could make it. The scanty furniture told a tale of want and poverty. But the sunbeam did not stop to moralize or examine; it sprang on to a bed which was opposite the window, where it was greeted with a faint cry of delight.

On this bed was the only occupant of the room, a little boy, thin and wasted by suffering.

The black lines round the large blue eyes spoke of days and nights of sleeplessness and pain; and despite his efforts to restrain them, tears of weariness were stealing down his pale, hollow cheeks just as the sunbeam entered with its cheery ray.

Poor little fellow! He was tired out with the feverish, wakeful night, and the hard bed did not ease or rest him.

The time was passing so slowly, and

he knew that he could not expect Martha to return for another hour at least. Dear, kind Martha! she had always a loving smile and word for her little brother.

When she went out to work this morning, she had placed by his side a small bunch of violets in an old broken bottle to keep him company. She had found the flowers on her way home last night, and the bottle she had picked up from the heap of rubbish at the entrance of the court.

The violets had been crushed and faded when she brought them in, but they had revived in water; and as little Tom bent down and took them up, the sweet scent seemed trying to cool and refresh him.

It was a moment after this that the beam appeared, and was greeted with a cry of joy.

Sunshine and flowers! What a lucky boy he was! Surely he ought to be happy, thought the child.

He stretched out his thin, white hand, and tried to grasp the merry beam, which shone now on him, and now on the pretty flowers he held towards it.

It seemed to speak to him of the pleasant country Martha often talked about, where they used to live years ago, when mother and father were alive, but which he had quite forgotten.

He tried to picture it to himself as she had sometimes described it, in the glad spring-time—the lanes with their hedges of may and twining briony; the violets and pale primroses peeping from beneath their leaves; the sloping meadows, dotted with delicate cuckoo flowers, wild snow-drops, and nodding cowslips. And country children really ran about in the midst of such sweet treasures! The child sighed as he thought of the hot close court where his days were passed.

But as he looked again at the soft bright beam, and breathed in the perfume of his

flowers, it made him think also of the quiet chats he sometimes had with Martha in the evening when her work was done, or when he felt very tired, and the pain was almost more than he could bear.

At such times she would console him by repeating the words she loved so much, that 'the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come;' and then she would speak to him of 'the home where sorrow is unknown.'

The sunbeam now seemed like a messenger from that land of everlasting joy, whispering to him of the happiness to come. The blue eyes brightened; then by degrees the lids sank lower and lower, till, soothed by the little ray and fragrant violets, Tom fell asleep.

As he slept his face lost its weary look of pain, and the parched lips were parted in a smile. For he dreamed of the home to which he was going soon, of that city

which 'hath no need of the sun nor of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God hath enlightened it ; and the Lamb is the light thereof;' of that city where God would wipe away all tears from his eyes, and pain and death would be no more.

Lovingly the little sunbeam glided over the sleeping child, then slowly faded. Its mission was accomplished. It had raised an aching heart above earthly pain and suffering to that dear Father in heaven Who alone can comfort and console.

THE END.

"A glance at Mr. Washbourne's lists will always acquaint us where we may find light, diverting Catholic literature."—*Catholic Book News*, Jan., 1881.

WASHBOURNE'S

OF LIBRARY AND

AND LIST OF

FROM AMERICA.

COMPLETE CATALOGUE

18 PATERNOSTER

*Post Office Orders to be
Robert Washbourne, at*



CATALOGUE

PRIZE BOOKS,

WORKS IMPORTED

See page 20.

SENT POST FREE.

ROW, LONDON.

*made payable to
the General Post Office.*

784

Father Placid; or, the Custodian of the Blessed Sacrament. By L. Oliver. 1s.

Rose Fortescue; or, the Devout Client of Our Lady of Dolours. By L. Oliver. 1s.

The Most Beautiful among the Children of Men—Meditations upon the Life of Our Lord. By Mrs. Abel Ram. With a Preface by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. 3s.

For Better, *not* For Worse. A Tale of our own Times. By Rev. Langton George Vere. 3s.

A Friendly Voice; or, the Daily Monitor. By the author of "Golden Sands." 6d.

Second Series of True Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. 3s., or separately:—

Moothoosawmy, or Natural Uprightness Supernaturally Rewarded; Saveriammal, or the Story of a Snake-bite and its Cure; Father Koblyowicz, or the Martyr to Sacramental Silence. 1s.

Emily; Nancy; the Efficacy of Prayer; and the White Necktie, a Story of First Communion. 1s.

The Two Cousins; The Result of a Mother's Prayers; and The Two School-boys. 1s.

Our Esther. By M. F. S., author of "Jack's Boy." 2s. 6d.

The Gamekeeper's Little Son, and other Tales. By the author of "Bobbie and Birdie." 2s. 6d.

A List of DRAMAS will be found on pages 19 and 26.

True Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. 3s.; or may be had separately, in 5 volumes, cheap edition, in pretty binding, price 6d. each volume.

1. The Brigand Chief, and other Tales.
2. Now is the Accepted Time, and other Tales.
3. What a Child can do, and other Tales.
4. Sowing Wild Oats, and other Tales.
5. The Two Hosts, and other Tales.

"These tales are short, in good legible type, and evidently true."
—*Tablet*.

Chats about the Commandments. By M. F. Plues, author of "Chats about the Rosary." 3s.

"This book is written in a manner that would attract children, and we should think that it will be found a help by parents and teachers. . . . What you have written is very practical and true."—*Cardinal Manning*.

Jack's Boy. By M. F. S., author of "'Tom's Crucifix, and other Tales," "Fluffy," etc. 3s.

"The author of 'Tom's Crucifix' is a favourite with many readers, old and young. There is a tender depth of feeling which runs through every page, and a simple earnestness and manifest truthfulness in the manner and style of the narration which renders her stories peculiarly attractive."—*Weekly Register*. "The more we have of such tales to move kind hearts, the better will it be for the children of the poor in our overgrown towns."—*The Month*.

Bertram Eldon and how he found a home. By M. A. Pennell, author of "Nellie Gordon." Cloth, 1s.

"Authors who will and can write little books like 'Bertram Eldon,' may hope to do much good thereby, for they are directly helping to inspire children with a love of the neglected poor, which will through after-life bear fruit in works of mercy."—*The Month*. "We can all learn a lesson from such a career as 'Bertie Eldon's.'"—*Catholic Times*.

Walter Ferrers' School Days; or, Bellevue and its Owners. By C. Pille. 1s. 6d.

"A family suffers a sudden reverse of fortune by the death of the father and the dishonesty of his agent. The Christian matron shows herself equal to the occasion, and her children find strength in her example, derive benefit from adversity, and struggle forward into happier times."—*The Month*. "A tale for the young. Its incidents are so arranged as to inculcate the practice of honesty and virtue, and a trust in the goodness of Providence. The juvenile mind will delight in it."—*Catholic Times*.

The Golden Thought of Queen Beryl, and other Stories. By Marie Cameron. 1s. 6d., or may be had separately, cheap edition, in pretty binding, price 6d. each volume.

1. The Golden Thought; and The Brother's Grave.
 2. The Rod that Bore Blossoms, and Patience and Impatience.
- "Pleasantly written tales."—*Court Circular*.

Bobbie and Birdie; or, Our Lady's Picture. By Frances I. M. Kershaw. Fcap. 8vo., 2s. 6d.

Out in the Cold World. By M. F. S. (Mrs. Seamer), author of "Tom's Crucifix." 3s.

The Siege and Conquest of Granada. Allah Akbar—God is Great. From the Spanish. By Mariana Monteiro. 3s.

"A highly interesting story. The book is handsomely got up, and the illustrations, which are from the pencil of a sister of Miss Monteiro, add much to the beauty of the volume."—*Public Opinion*.

Gathered Gems from Spanish Authors. By Mariana Monteiro. 3s.

CONTENTS :—The Rosary Bell—The Blind Organist of Seville—The Last Baron of Fortcastells—The Miserere of the Mountains—Three Reminiscences—A Legend of Italy—The Gnomes of Monccay—The Passion Flower—Recollections of an Artistic Excursion—The Laurel Wreath—The Witches of Trasmoz.

"Genuine treasures of romance."—*Weekly Register*. "Particularly rich in pleasant stories of the purest morality."—*Irish Monthly*. "Of considerable beauty. . . . The high moral tone of it renders it far in advance of the majority of tales at the present day."—*Public Opinion*. "Much grace and freshness."—*University Magazine*.

The Last Days of the Emperor Charles V., the Monk of the Monastery of Yuste. An Historical Legend of the 16th century. From the Spanish, by Mariana Monteiro. 2s.

"An exceedingly interesting historical legend. It will amply repay perusal."—*Court Circular*. "A peculiar interest attaches to the tale."—*Weekly Register*. "It is well calculated to instruct and entertain the minds of young persons, since it is a tale of piety and also historical."—*Tablet*. "A very realistic picture of the character of Charles in monastic repose. We have read every page of the volume with much pleasure."—*Catholic Times*. "The whole narrative just the sort that might be put in the hands of a boy or girl under sixteen with advantage."—*Public Opinion*. "Well worthy of notice."—*The Month*.

The Battle of Connemara. By Kathleen O'Meara, author of "A Daughter of St. Dominick." 2s. 6d.

"Everything else is but a sketch, compared with the Irish scenes, which are written *con amore*, and though not very highly coloured, are faithful to life."—*Dublin Review*. "A charming story, charmingly told."—*Irish Monthly*. "A book which has interested us; in which others, we doubt not, will take much interest."—*Tablet*. "The sketch of the Holy Mass in the miserable thatched building is one of the most effective bits of description we have seen; and this portrayal of peasant life, privation, and faith is too accurate to be questioned."—*Catholic Times*. "This interesting tale."—*The Month*.

Industry and Laziness. By Franz Hoffman. From the German, by James King. 2s. 6d.

"This is a capital story for boys. We can assure youthful readers that they will find much to attract them in this adventurous story."—*Weekly Register*. "The moral is excellent, the interest of the story well sustained."—*Tablet*. "A good, moral story."—*Court Circular*. "Any book that tries to save boys and young men from copying the example of John Collins deserves to be encouraged, especially when it is so very readably written and printed as the present tale."—*Irish Monthly*.

The Fairy Ching; or the Chinese Fairies' Visit to England. By Henrica Frederic. Handsomely bound in cloth, 1s.

My Golden Days. By M. F. S. 12mo., 2s. 6d., or in 3 vols., 1s. each.

The One Ghost of my Life, Willie's Escape, &c.

The Captain's Monkey, &c.

Great Uncle Hugh, Long Dresses, &c.

"They are playfully descriptive of the little ways and experience of young people, and are well suited for reading aloud in a family circle of juveniles."—*The Month*. "A series of short tales for children, by the delightful author of 'Fluffy' and a score of other charming books for the young."—*Weekly Register*. "Capital tales for children, nicely told, printed in large type on good paper and neatly bound."—*The Bookseller*. "Feelings run through them like a stream through flowers, and pretty morals peep out as the reader travels along."—*Catholic Times*. "This is the latest of the long catalogue of bright and edifying books of short stories for which our young people have to thank M. F. S."—*Irish Monthly*.

The Two Friends; or, Marie's Self-denial. By Madame d'Arras (*Née Lechmere*). 1s.

"A little French tale, in the crisis of which the good Empress Eugénie plays a conspicuous part."—*Weekly Register*.

Andersen's Sketches of Life in Iceland. Translated by Myfanwy Fenton. 1s. 6d.

"In the one case they are simply pretty tales; in the other curious illustrations of the survival to our own time of thought and manners familiar to every reader of the Sagas."—*Graphic*. "Ever welcome additions to the literary flora of a primitive and little-known country, such as Iceland must still be deemed. The Princess of Wales has been pleased to accept this unpretentious little story-book, written in the high latitudes where legends flourish abundantly."—*Public Opinion*. "Told with simple eloquence. A happy mean of refreshing simplicity which every reader must enjoy."—*Catholic Times*. "The style is fresh and simple, and the little volume is altogether very attractive."—*Weekly Register*.

George Lawson, or the Dark Shadow. A Tale. 2s. 6d.

Story of a Paper Knife. By Henrica Frederic. 1s.

Rest, on the Cross. By E. L. Hervey. Author of "The Feasts of Camelot," &c. 3s. 6d.

"This is a heart-thrilling story of many trials and much anguish endured by the heroine. Rest comes to her, where alone it can come to all. The little tale is powerfully and vividly told."—*Weekly Register*. "Mrs. Hervey has shown a rare talent in the relation of moral tales calculated to fascinate and impress younger readers."—*Somerset County Gazette*. "An interesting and well-written religious story for young people."—*The Bookseller*. "An emotional and gushing little novelette."—*Church Times*. "It is impossible for us to know how far the events and situations are real, and how far imaginary; but if real, they are well related, and if imaginary, they are well conceived."—*Tablet*. "It is written in the gentlest spirit of charity."—*Athenæum*.

The Feasts of Camelot, with the Tales that were told there. By Eleanora Louisa Hervey. 3s.

"This is really a very charming collection of tales, told as is evident from the title, by the Knights of the Round Table, at the Court of King Arthur. It is good for children and for grown up people too, to read these stories of knightly courtesy and adventure and of pure and healthy romance, and they have never been written in a more attractive style than by Mrs. Hervey in this little volume."—*Tablet*. "This is a very charming story book."—*Weekly Register*. "Mrs. Hervey brings the great legendary hero within the reach of children, but the stories are quite sufficiently well told to deserve the perusal of more critical readers."—*The Month*. "These tales are well constructed, and not one of them is destitute of interest."—*Catholic Times*. Full of chivalry and knightly deeds, not unmingled with touches of quaint humour."—*Court Journal*. "A graceful and pleasing collection of stories."—*Daily News*. "There is a high purpose in this charming book, one which is steadily pursued—it is the setting forth of the true meaning of chivalry."—*Morning Post*.

A Daughter of St. Dominic. By Grace Ramsay (Kathleen O'Meara). 1s. 6d.

"A beautiful little work. The narrative is highly interesting."—*Dublin Review*. "It is full of courage and faith and Catholic heroism."—*Universe*. "A beautiful picture of the wonders effected by ubiquitous charity, and still more by fervent prayer."—*Tablet*.

Spirit of St. John the Baptist. 1s.

Annals of the Holy Childhood. 3d.

The Angels and the Sacraments.—Stories for my Children. 1s.

Stories from many Lands. By E. L. Hervey. 3s. 6d.

"Very well and, above all, very briefly told. The stories are short and varied. The Godmother's Anecdotes are very good stories."—*Saturday Review*. "A great number of short Stories and Anecdotes of a good moral tone."—*Tablet*. "A delightful fairy Godmother is this, who promises to rival the famous Princess Scheherezade as a story-teller."—*Weekly Register*. "Suitable for boys and girls of ten or twelve years, and is capable of teaching them not a few wholesome truths in an agreeable but really impressive manner."—*Illustrated London News*. "A charming collection of tales, illustrating some great truths."—*Church Times*. "With a few exceptions each story has 'some heart of meaning in it,' and tends to kindle in the mind all that is good and noble."—*Windsor Gazette*. "A collection of short stories, anecdotes, and apologues on various topics, delightfully told."—*Athenæum*.

Bessy; or the Fatal Consequence of Telling Lies.
By Miss K. M. Weld. 1s.

"This is a very good tale to put into the hands of young servants."—*Tablet*. "The moral teaching is of course thoroughly Catholic, and conveyed in a form extremely interesting."—*Weekly Register*.

Kainer; or, the Usurer's Doom. By the Author of
"Industry and Laziness." 1s.

"A very tastefully printed book, and the translation is clear and tasteful—well done, in fact."—*Irish Monthly*.

Tom's Crucifix, and other Tales. By M. F. S. 3s. 6d. ;
or separately, 1s. each.

Tom's Crucifix, and Pat's Rosary.
Good for Evil, and Joe Ryan's Repentance.
The Old Prayer Book, and Charlie Pearson's Medal.
Catherine's Promise, and Norah's Temptation.
Annie's First Prayer, and Only a Picture.

"Simple stories for the use of teachers of Christian doctrine."—*Universe*. "This is a volume of short, plain, and simple stories, written with the view of illustrating the Catholic religion practically by putting Catholic practices in an interesting light before the mental eyes of children. The whole of the tales in the volume before us are exceedingly well written."—*Weekly Register*.

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

Ora pro Nobis; or, Tristram's Friends. By Rev. F. Drew. 1s.

Fluffy. A Tale for Boys. By M. F. S., author of "Tom's Crucifix and other Tales." 3s.

"A charming little story. The narrative is as wholesome throughout as a breath of fresh air, and as beautiful in the spirit of it as a beam of moonlight."—*Weekly Register*. "The tale is well told, We cannot help feeling an interest in the fortunes of Fluffy."—*Tablet*.

The Three Wishes. A Tale. By M. F. S. 2s.

"A pretty neatly told story for girls. There is much quiet pathos in it and a warm Catholic spirit."—*The Month*. "We are glad to welcome this addition to the story-books for which the author is already favourably known."—*United Irishman*. "The tale is singularly interesting. The story of Gertrude with her gratified wish has about it all the interest of a romance, and will, no doubt, find especial favour."—*Weekly Register*. "Like everything which M. F. S. writes, the book is full of interest."—*Tablet*. The chief heroine is a striking model of what a young woman ought to be, and may become, if animated by sincere desire."—*Catholic Times*.

Catherine Hamilton. A Tale. By M. F. S. 1s. 6d.

"We have no doubt this will prove a very attractive book to the little folks, and would be glad to see it widely circulated."—*Catholic World*. "A short, simple, and well-told story, illustrative of the power of grace to correct bad temper in a wayward girl."—*Weekly Register*. "We are very much pleased with this little book."—*Tablet*.

Catherine grown Older. By M. F. S. 2s.

"Those who are familiar with the history of Catherine in her wayward childhood will welcome with no little satisfaction this sequel to her story from the hand of the same charming writer. There is a simplicity about the style and an earnest tenderness in the manner of the narrative which renders it singularly impressive."—*Weekly Register*. "Catherine's character will delight English children."—*Tablet*.

The two volumes in one, 3s.

Terry O'Flinn. By the Very Rev. Dr. Tandy. 2s.

"The writer possesses considerable literary power."—*Register*. "A most singular production."—*Universe*. "An unpretending yet a very touching story."—*Waterford News*. "Excellent indeed is the idea of embodying into a story the belief that there is ever beside us a guardian angel who reads the thoughts of our hearts and strives to turn us to good."—*Catholic World*. "The idea is well sustained throughout."—*Church Times*.

The Adventures of a Protestant in Search of a Religion: being the Story of a late Student of Divinity at Bunyan Baptist College; a Nonconformist Minister, who seceded to the Catholic Church. By Iota. 3s. 6d.; cheap edition, 2s.

"Will well repay its perusal."—*Universe*. "This precious volume."—*Baptist*. "No one will deny 'Iota' the merit of entire originality."—*Civilian*. "A valuable addition to every Catholic library."—*Tablet*. "There is much cleverness in it."—*Nonconformist*. "Malicious and wicked."—*English Independent*. "An admirable and amusing, yet truthful and genuinely sparkling work. The characters are from life."—*Catholic Opinion*.

The Village Lily. Fcap. 8vo. 1s.

"Charming little story."—*Weekly Register*.

Rosalie; or, the Memoirs of a French Child. Written by herself. 1s. 6d.

"It is prettily told, and in a natural manner. The account of Rosalie's illness and First Communion is very well related. We can recommend the book for the reading of children."—*Tablet*. "The tenth chapter is beautiful."—*Universe*. "The lessons inculcated tend to improve the youthful mind. We cannot too strongly recommend the book."—*Waterford News*. "This is one of those nicely written stories for children which we now and then come across."—*Catholic World*. "Charmingly written."—*Church Herald*.

The Story of Marie and other Tales. 2s. 6d.

"A very nice little collection of stories, thoroughly Catholic in their teaching."—*Tablet*. "A series of short pretty stories, told with much simplicity."—*Universe*. "A number of short pretty stories, replete with religious teaching, told in simple language."—*Weekly Register*.

The Mission Cross. An Abstinence Tale. By Mrs. Bartle Teeling, author of "Roman Violets," and "The Violet Sellers—a Drama." 1s. 6d.

Sir Ælfric and other Tales. By the Rev. G. Bampfield. 18mo. 6d.; cloth, 1s.

The Last of the Catholic O'Malleys. A Tale. By M. Taunton.

"A sad and stirring tale, simply written, and sure to secure for itself readers."—*Tablet*. "Deeply interesting. It is well adapted for parochial and school libraries."—*Weekly Register*. "A very pleasing tale."—*The Month*. "Simply and naturally told."—*Freeman's Journal*.

My Lady at Last. A Tale. By M. Taunton, author of "The Last of the Catholic O'Malleys." 3s. 6d.

Clare's Sacrifice. An impressive little tale, for First Communicants. By C. M. O'Hara. 6d.

Agnes Wilmott's History, and the Lessons it Taught. By M. A. Pennell, author of "Bertram Eldon," "Nellie Gordon," &c. 1s. 6d.

Killed at Sedan. A Novel. By Samuel Richardson, A.B., B.L., of the Middle Temple. 5s.

Eagle and Dove. From the French of Zénaïde Fleuriot, by Emily Bowles. 3s. 6d.

"We recommend our readers to peruse this well-written story."—*Register*. "One of the very best stories we have ever dipped into."—*Church Times*. "Admirable in tone and purpose."—*Church Herald*. "A real gain. It possesses merits far above the pretty fictions got up by English writers."—*Dublin Review*. "There is an air of truth and sobriety about this little volume, nor is there any attempt at sensation."—*Tablet*.

Legends of the 13th Century. By the Rev. Henry Collins. 3s.

"A casket of jewels. Most fascinating as legends and none the less profitable for example, consolation, and encouragement."—*Weekly Register*. "The legends are full of deep spiritual teaching, and they are almost all authenticated."—*Tablet*. "Well translated and beautifully got up."—*The Month*. "Full of heavenly wisdom,"—*Catholic Opinion*. "The volume reminds us forcibly of Rodriguez's 'Christian Perfection.'"—*Dublin Review*.

Little Books of St. Nicholas. Tales for Children. By Rev. F. Drew. 1s. each.

1. Oremus ; 2. Dominus Vobiscum ; 3. Pater Noster ; 4. Per Jesum Christum ; 5. Veni Creator ; 6. Credo ; 7. Ave Maria ; 8. Ora pro nobis ; 9. Corpus Christi ; 10. Dei Genitrix ; 11. Requiem ; 12. Miserere ; 13. Deo Gratias ; 14. Guardian Angel. [Numbers 1 to 8 are ready.]

Chats about the Rosary ; or, Aunt Margaret's Little Neighbours. By Miss Plues. Fcap. 8vo. 3s.

"There is scarcely any devotion so calculated as the Rosary to keep up a taste for piety in little children, and we must be grateful for any help in applying its lessons to the daily life of those who already love it in their unconscious tribute to its value and beauty."—*Month*. "We do not know of a better book for reading aloud to children, it will teach them to understand and to love the Rosary."—*Tablet*. Illustrative of each of the mysteries, and connecting each with the practice of some particular virtue."—*Catholic Opinion*. "This pretty book carries out a very good idea, much wanted, to impress upon people who do not read much the vivid picture or story of each mystery of the Rosary."—*Dublin Review*.

The Rose of Venice. A Venetian Tale. By S. Christopher. Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.

"A very interesting and well-told story."—*The Month*.

Margarethe Verflassen. Translated from the German by Mrs. Smith Sligo. 3s.

"A portrait of a very holy and noble soul, whose life was passed in constant practical acts of the love of God."—*Weekly Register*. "It is the picture of a true woman's life, well fitted up with the practice of ascetic devotion and loving unwearied activity about all the works of mercy."—*Tablet*. "Those who may wish to know something about Convent life will find it faithfully portrayed in every important particular in the volume before us. We cordially commend it to our readers."—*Northern Star*.

Sir Thomas Maxwell and his Ward. By Miss Bridges. Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Adolphus ; or, the Good Son. 18mo. gilt, 6d.

Nicholas ; or, the Reward of a Good Action. 6d.

The Lost Children of Mount St. Bernard. Gilt, 6d.

The Baker's Boy ; or, the Results of Industry. 6d.

A Broken Chain. 18mo. gilt, 6d.

Cardinal Wolsey. By Agnes Stewart. 6s.

Margaret Roper. By the same author. 6s.

Cardinal Pole. By the same author. 7s. 6d., gilt, 10s.

Earl Nugent's Daughter. By the same author. 5s.

Sir Thomas More. By the same author. 7s., gilt, 9s.

The Yorkshire Plot. By the same author. 6s.

Bishop Fisher. By the same author. 7s.

The Catholic "Pilgrim's Progress"—The Journey of Sophia and Eulalie to the Palace of True Happiness. Translated by the Rev. Father Bradbury, Mount St. Bernard's. 2s. 6d.

"The book is essentially suited to women, and especially to those who purpose devoting themselves to the hidden life of sanctity. It will prove, however, a useful gift to many young ladies whose lot is in the world."—*Weekly Register*. "This mode of teaching imparts an extraordinary degree of vividness and reality."—*Church Review*. "Unquestionably the book is one that for a certain class of minds will have a great charm."—*The Scotsman*. "No one can weary with the perusal, and most people will enjoy it very much."—*Tablet*.

Diary of a Confessor of the Faith. 12mo., 1s.

Nellie Gordon, the Factory Girl; or Lost and Saved. By M. A. Pennell. 6d.

Tim O'Halloran's Choice; or, From Killarney to New York. By Sister M. F. Clare. 3s. 6d.

Legends of the Saints. By M. F. S., author of "Stories of the Saints." 3s. 6d.

"A pretty little book, couched in studiously simple language."—*Church Times*. "A number of short legends, told in simple language for young readers by one who has already given us two charming volumes of 'Stories of the Saints.'"—*Tablet*. "Here we have more than fifty tales, told with singular taste, and ranging over a vast geographical area. Not one of them will be passed over by the reader."—*Catholic Times*. "A delightful boon for youthful readers."—*Weekly Register*. "It is got up in the most attractive as well as substantial style as regards binding, paper, and typography, while the simple and beautiful legends are told in a graceful and flowing manner, which cannot fail to rivet the attention and interest of the youthful reader."—*United Irishman*.

Stories of the Saints. By M. F. S. 1st Series, 3s. 6d., 2nd Series, 3s. 6d. 3rd Series, 3s. 6d. 4th Series, 3s. 6d. 5th Series, 3s. 6d.

"As lovely a little book as we have seen for many a day."—*Weekly Register*. "Interesting not only for children but for persons of every age and degree."—*Tablet*. "A great desideratum. Very pleasantly written."—*The Month*. "A very attractive volume. A delightful book."—*Union Review*. "Admirably adapted for reading aloud to children, or for their own private reading."—*Catholic Opinion*. "Being full of anecdotes, they are especially attractive."—*Church Herald*. "Well selected."—*Dublin Review*.

Stories of Holy Lives. By M. F. S. Fcp. 8vo., 3s. 6d.

"The stories seem well put together."—*The Month*. "It sets before us clearly and in simple language the most striking features in the character and history of many whose very names are dear to the hearts of Catholics."—*Tablet*.

Stories of Martyr Priests. By M. F. S. 12mo., 3s. 6d.

"The stories are written with the utmost simplicity, and with such an earnest air of reality about every page that the youthful reader may forget that he has a book in his hand, and can believe that he is 'listening to a story.'"—*Weekly Register*. "It has been the task of the writer, while adhering strictly to historical facts, to present the lives of these Christian heroes in a pleasing and attractive form, so that, while laying before the youthful minds deeds as thrilling as any to be found in the pages of romance, a chapter in her history is laid open which is at once the glory and the shame of England."—*United Irishman*. "Short memoirs well written and which cannot fail to attract not only 'the Catholic Boys of England,' to whom the book is dedicated, but also all the men and women of England to whom the Catholic faith is dear."—*Tablet*. "Sad stories of over thirty Priests who perished for conscience sake."—*Catholic Times*. "No lives of great men can depict so glorious a picture as these Stories of Martyred Priests, and we trust they will be read far and wide."—*Dublin Review*.

The Story of the Life of St. Paul. By M. F. S., author of "Legends of the Saints," &c. 2s.

"A most attractive theme for the prolific pen of the author of 'Tom's Crucifix and other Tales.'"—*Weekly Register*. "The author knew instinctively how to present the incidents most effectively, and has made the most of them."—*Catholic Times*.

Bible Stories from the Old Testament. Twelve Stories of the Jewish Church, to interest the young in the fortunes of God's ancient Church, by throwing the Scripture narrative into a slightly different form. By Charles Walker. 2s.

'CONTENTS:—The Sacrifice of Abel.—The Ship of Safety.—The City of Confusion.—Melchisedech, King of Salem.—The Sabbath Breaker.—Achan.—The Child Prophet of Silo.—The Building of the Temple.—The Altar at Beth-El.—The Repentance of Nineve.—The Furnace of Babylon.—The Prophecy of Malachias.

Life of St. Wenefred, Virgin Martyr and Abbess, Patroness of North Wales and Shrewsbury. By Rev. T. Meyrick, M.A. With Frontispiece, 2s.

Albertus Magnus : his Life and Scholastic Labours.
 From original Documents. By Professor Sighart.
 Translated by Rev. Fr. T. A. Dixon, O.P.
 8vo., 6s.

"A translation of Dr. Sighart's 'Albertus Magnus' will be welcome in many quarters. The volume is admirably printed and beautifully got up, and the frontispiece is a valuable engraving of B. Albert's portrait after Fiesole."—*Dublin Review*. "Albert the Great is not well known . . . yet he is one of those pioneers of inductive philosophy whom our modern men of science cannot without black ingratitude forget. His memory should be dear not only to those who value the sanctity of life, but to those also who try, as he did, to wrest from nature the reason of her doings."—*The Month*. "The volume is a large one, as befits the subject, and it carries the reader through most of the scenes of Albert's life with a graphic power . . . We recommend this book as worthy a place in every library."—*Catholic Times*. "The fullest record that has ever been penned of one of the grandest luminaries in the history of the Church."—*Weekly Register*. "The book is extremely interesting, full of information, and displays great power of research and critical judgment. . . . The volume is eminently worth perusal."—*Tablet*. "One of the most interesting religious biographies recently issued from the Catholic press."—*Irish Monthly*.

Lives of the First Religious of the Visitation of Holy Mary. By Mother Frances Magdalen de Chaugy.
 2 vols., 1os. :—or separately :—

Life of Mother Marie Jacqueline Favre, Mother Jeanne Charlotte de Bréchar, Mother Peronne Marie de Châtel, Mother Claude Agnes Joli de la Roche. 6s.

Life of Sister Claude Simplicienne Fardel, Sister Marie Aimée de Chantal, Sister Françoise Gabrielle Bally, Sister Marie Denise de Martignat, Sister Anne Jacqueline Coste, Sister Marie Péronne Pernet, Sister Marie Séraphique de Chamflours. 6s.

S. Vincent Ferrer, his Life, Spiritual Teaching, and practical Devotion. By Fr. Pradel. Translated by Rev. Fr. Dixon, O.P. 5s.

Life of S. Bernardine of Siena. 5s.

Life of S. Philip Benizi. 5s.

Life of S. Veronica Giuliani, and Blessed Battista Varani. 5s.

Life of S. John of God. 5s.

The Lives of the Early Popes. St. Peter to Charlemagne. By Rev. Thomas Meyrick, M.A. 8vo. 6s.

Life of B. Giovanni Colombini. By Feo Belcari. Translated from the editions of 1541 and 1832. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Sketch of the Life and Letters of the Countess Adolstan. By E. A. M., author of "Rosalie, or the Memoirs of a French Child," "Life of Paul Seigneret," &c. 2s.

"The great interest of the book, even above the story of the conversion of her husband, is the question of education. The essay on the bringing up of children and the comparative merits and demerits of Convent and home education, is well worth the careful study both of parents and those entrusted with the task of instruction."—*The Month*. "Her judgments are always wise."—*Catholic Opinion*. "We can safely recommend this excellent little biographical sketch. It offers no exciting interest, but it is calculated to edify all."—*Tablet*.

Life of Paul Seigneret, Seminarist of Saint-Sulpice. 1s. 6d.

"An affecting and well-told narrative. . . It will be a great favourite, especially with our pure-minded, high-spirited young people."—*Universe*. "We commend it to parents with sons under their care, and especially do we recommend it to those who are charged with the education and training of our Catholic youth."—*Register*.

Inner Life of Père Lacordaire. By Père Chocarne. Translated by Augusta Theodosia Drane. 6s. 6d.

Life of Sister Mary Cherubina Clare of S. Francis. With Preface by Lady Herbert.

Life of Gregory Lopez, the Hermit. By Canon Doyle, O.S.B. 12mo., 3s. 6d.

St. Angela Merici. Her Life, her Virtues, and her Institute. 12mo., 3s.

Life of St. Columba, &c. By M. F. Cusack. 8vo., 6s.

Recollections of Cardinal Wiseman, &c. By M. J. Arnold. 2s.

- Lives of the Saints, from Alban Butler. Selected and edited by Right Rev. Mgr. Goddard. 5s.
- Life of St. Mildred, Abbess of Minster in Thanet. By a Lay-Tertiary of St. Francis. 2s
- Life of Rev. Fr. Hermann (Discalced Carmelite). From the French of the Abbé Charles Sylvani. By Mrs. Raymond-Barker. 3s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.
- Life and Miracles of St. Benedict. From St. Gregory the Great, by Rev. Dom E. J. Luck. fcap. 8vo., 1s. ; stronger bound, 2s.
- Life of St. Boniface. By Mrs. Hope. 6s.
- Life of Fr. Benvenuto Bambozzi, O.M.C., of the Conventual Friars Minor. Translated from the Italian of Fr. Nicholas Treggiari, D.D. 3s. 6d.
- Life of the Ven. Anna Maria Taigi. From the French of Calixte, by A. V. Smith Sligo. 3s. 6d.
- Life of Father Mathew. By Sister Mary Francis Clare. 2s. 6d.
- Life of St. Patrick. 12mo. 1s. ; 8vo. 10s., gilt.
- Life of St. Bridget, and of other Saints of Ireland. 1s.
- Life, Passion, Death, and Resurrection of Our Blessed Lord. Translated from Ribadeneira. 1s.
- Life of S. Edmund of Canterbury. 1s. and 1s. 6d.
- Life of St. Francis of Assisi. From St. Bonaventure. By Miss Lockhart. 3s. 6d.
- Pius IX. From his Birth to his Death. By G. White. 6d.
- Life of the Ever-Blessed Virgin. 1s.

Our Blessed Lady of Lourdes: a Faithful Narrative of the Apparitions of the Blessed Virgin. By F. C. Husenbeth, D.D., 6d.; with Novena to Our Lady of Lourdes, cloth, 1s. Novena, separately, 4d.; Litany, 1d., or 6s. per 100. Medal, 1d.

A Month at Lourdes and its Neighbourhood in the Summer of 1877. By Hugh Caraher. Two Illustrations, 2s.

Life of the Ven. Elizabeth Canori Mora. From the Italian, with Preface by Lady Herbert 3s. 6d.

The History of the Italian Revolution. The Revolution of the Barricades. (1796—1849.) By the Chevalier O'Clery, M.P., K.S.G. 8vo. 4s.

To Rome and Back. Fly-leaves from a Flying Tour. Edited by W. H. Anderdon, S.J. 12mo., 2s.

"Graphic and vigorous sketches. As Father Anderdon says, Truly they have their special interest, by reason of date no less than of place and scene. 'To Rome and Back' refers to Rome and back at the time of the Papal Jubilee. It is as beautiful a celebration of that memorable event as has anywhere appeared."—*Weekly Register*. "We note in the Authoress a power of condensing a description in a bold and striking metaphor. There is all a woman's quickness and keenness of perception, and a power of sympathy with the noble, the beautiful, and the true."—*The Month*. "A charming book. . . . Besides pleasant description, there is evidence of much thought in parts of the book."—*Dublin Review*.

The First Apostles of Europe. The 2nd Edition of "The Conversion of the Teutonic Race." By Mrs. Hope. 2 vols. crown 8vo. The Life of St. Boniface can now only be had. 6s.

"Mrs. Hope has quite grasped the general character of the Teutonic nations and their true position with regard to Rome and the world in general. . . . It is a great thing to find a writer of a book of this class so clearly grasping and so boldly setting forth truths, which familiar as they are to scholars, are still utterly unknown—or worse than unknown, utterly misconceived—by most of the writers of our smaller literature."—*Saturday Review*. "A brilliant and compact history of the Germans, Franks, and the various tribes of the former Jutes, Angles, and Saxons, who jointly formed the Anglo-Saxon, or, more correctly, English people. . . . Many of the episodes and notices of the Apostolic Missionaries, as well as the general story, are very happily and gracefully conveyed."—*Northern Star*. "This is a real addition to our Catholic literature."—*Tablet*.

Holy Places ; their Sanctity and Authenticity. By the Rev. Fr. Philpin. With Maps. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. ; cheap edition, 2s.6d.

"Fr. Philpin weighs the comparative value of extraordinary, ordinary, and natural evidence, and gives an admirable summary of the witness of the early centuries regarding the holy places of Jerusalem, with archæological and architectural proofs. It is a complete treatise of the subject."—*Month*. "The author treats his subject with a thorough system, and a competent knowledge."—*Church Herald*.

Flowers of Christian Wisdom: Selections from various well-known authors on the following subjects—Man and his Soul; The Christian; Human Respect; Faith; The Church; The Last Things; Principles, Duties, and some Rules of Conduct; Duties towards God, His Name, His Day, His Ministers; The Fatherland and the Good Citizen; Duties towards Parents; Duty towards our Neighbour; Charity for the Poor; Friendships—Friends; True Honour; True Happiness; Innocence; Virtue; On Bad Passions; After a Fault; Holy Communion; Idleness and Work; On Reading—Good, Bad, and Frivolous Books; The Service of God—True Piety; On Religion or Devotion; Of Faults—of Little Faults; Of Vanity and Pride; Mildness; Amenity, Politeness, Conversations, Liberty; The Dwelling, Clothing, Food; The Theatre, Balls, Gaming; On Adversity; A Sketch of a Plan of Life. Compiled by Lucien Henry, with Preface by Lady Herbert of Lea. 1s. 6d.

"There are so many books, that one cannot even read all those that are excellent; why then lose time in turning over the leaves of those that are spoilt by the evil spirit?"—*Lacordaire*.

BY ARTHUR AND T. W. M. MARSHALL.

Comedy of Convocation in the English Church.
Edited by Archdeacon Chasuble, D.D. 2s. 6d.

The Oxford Undergraduate of Twenty Years Ago :
his Religion, his Studies, his Antics. By a
Bachelor of Arts. 2s. 6d.

"The writing is full of brilliancy and point."—*Tablet*. "It will deservedly attract attention, not only by the briskness and liveliness of its style, but also by the accuracy of the picture which it probably gives of an individual experience."—*The Month*.

The Harmony of Anglicanism. Report of a Conference on Church Defence. 2s. 6d.

"'Church Defence' is characterised by the same caustic irony, the same good-natured satire, the same logical acuteness which distinguished its predecessor, the 'Comedy of Convocation.' . . . A more scathing bit of irony we have seldom met with."—*Tablet*. "Clever, humorous, witty, learned, written by a keen but sarcastic observer of the Establishment, it is calculated to make defenders wince as much as it is to make all others smile."—*Nonconformist*.

Dramas, Comedies, Farces. (See also page 26.)

Mary, Queen of Scots. Tragedy in Three Acts.
Mixed. 6d.

Bluebeard; or, the Key of the Cellar. Drama in
Three Acts. *Children.* 6d.

The Violet Sellers. Drama in Three Acts. *Children.*
6d.

Whittington and his Cat. Drama in Nine Scenes.
Children. 6d.

St. Eustace. A Drama in Five Acts. *Male.* 6d.

St. William of York. A Drama in Two Acts. *Male.* 6d.

He would be a Lord. Comedy in Three Acts.
Male. 2s.

The Enchanted Violin. Comedy in Two Acts.
Male. 6d.

Shandy Maguire. A Farce in Two Acts. *Male.* 6d.

The Duchess Transformed. A Comedy in One Act.
By W. H. A. *Female.* 6d.

The Reverse of the Medal. A Drama in Four Acts.
Female. 6d.

Ernscliff Hall; or, Two Days spent with a Great
Aunt. A Drama in Three Acts. *Female.* 6d.

Filiola. A Drama in Four Acts. *Female.* 6d.

The Secret. Drama in One Act. *Female.* 6d.

The Convert Martyr; or, Dr. Newman's "Callista,"
dramatised by Dr. Husenbeth. 1s.

R. WASHBOURNE'S

Catalogue of Books from America.

All these prices are *nett* (no reduction).

* Words in *Italic* thus (*Friendly*) signify that the book is a section of the one referred to in *Italic*.

Adventures of a Captain. By Lady Blanche Murphy	...	2	6
Adventures of a Casquet, The	2	0
African Fabiola	5	0
Alba's Dream, and other Stories	5	0
Alice Harmon, and other Tales. By an "Exile of Erin"	...	5	0
Alice Riordan, the Blind Man's Daughter	3	0
All for Love; or, from the Manger to the Cross	7	0
Alzog's Church History. 3 vols.	60	0
Angel Guide; or, Year of First Communion	3	0
Anthony; or, the Silver Crucifix	2	0
Apostleship of Prayer. By Rev. H. Ramière	...	4	0
Apostolic, An, Woman; Sister Francis Xavier	8	0
Appeal, An, and a Defiance. By Cardinal Deschamps	...	2	0
Assunta Howard, and other Stories and Sketches...	...	5	0
Aurelia; or, The Jews of Capena Gate. By Quinton	...	5	0
Barbara Leigh. A Christmas Sketch. By A. L. S.	...	3	0
Beauties of the Catholic Church. By Fr. Shadlier	...	7	0
Bellecius' Triduum and Spiritual Conferences	3	0
Benedict's (St.) Manual. By Rev. Fr. Meyer, O.S.B.	...	5	0
Bertha; or, The Consequence of a Fault. 2s. and	...	3	0
Better Part, The. A Tale from Real Life	...	2	0
Bible. Large 4to., morocco elegant, with clasp	...	72	0
Bible. 4to., cloth, 21s.; French morocco, 27s. 6d.; morocco	...	34	0
Bible. 18mo., cloth, 6s.; roan, 7s.; persian calf, 9s.; morocco, 12s.; extra gilt	...	14	0
Bible History for the Use of Catholic Schools. By a Teacher. Illustrated	...	4	0
Bible History for the Use of Schools. By Bishop Gilmour. Illustrated	...	2	0
Blanche de Marsilly. An Episode of the Revolution	...	2	0
Blessed Virgin, Life of the. By Bishop Dupanloup	...	10	0
Blind Friend of the Poor. Mgr. de Segur	...	2	0
Book of the Professed. By author of "Golden Sands"	...	4	0
Burke's Sermons and Lectures. 3 vols.	...	26	0
Butler's Lives of the Saints. 4 vols., 32s.; gilt 36s.; or, bound in 2 vols., 24s.; gilt	...	28	0
<i>See Lives of the Saints</i>			
Cahill's Sermons and Lectures	8	0
Captain Rougemont; or, the Miraculous Conversion	2	0
Cassilda; or, The Moorish Princess of Toledo	2	0

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

Catherine (St.) of Genoa, Life	4	0
Catholic Keepsake. A Gift Book for all Seasons ...	3	0
Catholic Priest and Scientists. By Rev. J. W. Vahey ...	8	0
Catholicity in the Carolinas and Georgia. By Fr. O'Connell	10	0
Christ in His Church ; Busingen's Church History, translated by Rev. R. Brennan. Illustrated	8	0
Christian Life and Vocation. By Rev. J. Berthier ...	4	0
Christian Father. From the German of Rev. W. Cramer. 1s. paper	2	0
Christian Mother. Ditto, same prices.		
Christian Truths. Lectures by Rt. Rev. Bishop Chatard	5	0
Christmas for our dear Little Ones, The First. Illustrated	5	0
Church and Moral World. By Rev. A. J. Thébaud, S.J....	12	0
Church and the Gentile World. By the same. 3 vols. ...	24	0
Church History. 1 By Alzog, 3 vols., 6os. 2 By Darras, 4 vols., 4os. 3 By Busingen, 8s. 4 By Brennan, 4s. 5 By Noethen, 6s.		
Commandments of God. By Rev. M. Müller	8	0
Communion, Holy. By Hubert Lebon	3	0
Conscience's Works :		
Amulet and Poor Gentleman, 4s. ; Conscript, Blind Rosa, and The Miser, 4s. ; Count Hugo and Curse of the Village 4s. ; Happiness of Being Rich, Ricketicketack, Wooden Clara, 4s. ; Ludovic and Gertrude, Young Doctor, 4s. ; Merchant of Antwerp, 5s. ; Lion of Flanders, 4s. ; Veva, 4s. ; Village Innkeeper and Fisherman's Daughter, 4s.		
Convert, The : Leaves from My Experience. By Brownson	6	0
Counsels for each Day in the Week (Friendly*)... ...	0	6
Counsels of a Catholic Mother to her Daughter ...	2	0
Crasset's Devout Meditations...	6	0
Crown of Heaven, The. From the German of Stoeger ...	5	0
Crown of Thorns, Mystery of. By a Passionist Father ...	4	0
Dalaradia ; or, The Days of King Milcho. By W. Collins	3	0
Darras's Church History. 4 vols.	40	0
Dignity, Authority, and Duties of Parents. By Rev. M. Müller	9	0
Divine Paraclete. Sermons. By Rev. T. S. Preston ...	4	0
Divine Sanctuary, The. By the Rev. T. S. Preston ...	4	0
Divinity of Christ, The. By Rt. Rev. Dr. Rosecrans ...	2	0
Dumb Boy	2	6
Dupont (Léon Papin-) Life of (Holy Man of Tours) ...	5	0
Ecclesiastical Law, Elements of. By Rev. S. B. Smith, D.D.	16	0
„ „ Vol. 2, Ecclesiastical Trials	16	0
Eliane. By Mrs. Craven	4	0

Emerald Gems. Irish Fireside Tales	5 0
Epistles and Gospels, Explanation of. By Goffine ...	8 0
Ethel Hamilton. By Anna T. Sadlier	3 0
Eucharist, (Blessed) our Greatest Treasure. By Rev. M. Muller	5 0
Eucharist (Holy) and Penance. By Rev. M. Müller ...	7 0
Eugenie de Guerin's Letters	6 0
European Civilization, Protestantism and Catholicity Compared. By Balme	10 0
Evidences of Catholicity. By Archbishop Spalding ...	8 0
Faith of Our Fathers, The. By Rev. Archbishop Gibbons	4 0
Cheap edition, in paper covers, 2s.	
Father Oswald. A Genuine Catholic Story	3 0
Fickle Fortune. A Story of Place La Grève	3 0
First Communicants, Instructions for. By Dr. Schmitt ...	2 6
First Communion (My). From the German of Fr. Buchmann	3 0
First Communion, Year of. (<i>Angel Guide</i>)	3 0
Fisherman's Daughter. Translated by Mrs. Monroe, 2s. and	3 0
Four Seasons, The. By Rev. J. W. Vahey	3 0
Francis' (St.) Manual for Members of Third Order. 824 pp.	3 0
Francis of Sales (St.), Maxims of, for every day	2 0
Francis of Sales (St.), New Year Greetings	1 0
Francis Xavier (St.), Life of. From the Italian of Bartoli	6 0
Friendly Voice ; or, the Daily Monitor	0 6
Future of Catholic Peoples. By Baron de Haulleville ...	5 0
Genius of Christianity. By Chateaubriand	8 0
Gertrude (St.) Manual ; or Spirit of Devotion, 504 pages ...	4 0
God the Teacher of Mankind. By Rev. M. Müller :	
Holy Eucharist and Penance	7 0
The Greatest and the First Commandment	8 0
Precepts of the Church	7 0
Dignity, Authority, and Duties of Parents	9 0
Sacramentals, Prayer, Vices and Virtues, Perfection, etc.	7 0
Good Thoughts for Priest and People ; or, Short Meditations for Every Day in the Year. By Rev. T. Noethan ...	6 0
Goffine's Epistles and Gospels	8 0
Golden Sands. First and Second Series, each, 4s. ; Third Series	3 0
Governess, The ; or, The Effects of Good Example. By G. H. Miles	3 0
Great-Grandmother's Secret, The. 2s. superior edition ...	3 0
Gretchen's Gift ; or, A Noble Sacrifice. By A. L. S. ...	3 0
Guardian Angel, Memoirs of a. By the Abbé Chardon ...	3 0
Hill's Elements of Philosophy. 2 vols.	12 0
History, Compendium of. By Kerney	5 0
Hofbauer (Fr. Clement), Life of, in English. By Lady Herbert	5 0

Holy Man of Tours ; or, the Life of Léon Papin-Dupont ...	5	0
Household Science. By author of "Golden Sands" ...	3	0
Idols ; or, The Secret of the Rue Chaussée d'Antin ...	5	0
Indian Sketches. By Rev. P. J. De Smet, S.J. ...	2	0
Ingersoll, Notes on. By Rev. A Lambert ...	2	0
Intellectual Philosophy. By Rev. J. De Concilio ...	5	0
Invitation Heeded. By James Kent Stone ...	5	0
Ireland, Past and Present. By D. P. Conyngham ...	12	0
Irish Faith in America. Recollections of a Missionary ...	3	0
Irish Fireside Tales (Emerald) ...	5	0
Irish Martyrs and Confessors, Lives of. By Myles O'Reilly ...	10	0
Irish Race (The) Past and the Present. By Fr. Thébaud ...	10	0
Joint Venture, The ; a Tale in Two Lands ...	4	0
Kerney's Compendium of History ...	5	0
King's Page, The, and other Stories. By Anna T. Sadlier ...	3	0
Knowledge and Love of Jesus Christ. St. Jure, 3 vols. ...	24	0
Lacordaire's Conferences : Life ...	6	0
Lacordaire's Letters to Young Men ...	6	0
Lenten Sermons. By Fr. Segneri. 2 vols. ...	10	0
Le Gras (Mdlle.), Life of, Foundress of the Sisters of Charity ...	6	0
LEO XIII., Life and Acts of. With a Sketch of the Last Days of Pius IX. Edited by Rev. J. E. Keller, S.J. Illustrated ...	8	0
Leper's Son ...	2	0
Letters of a Young Irishwoman to her Sister ...	5	0
Life of our Lord and the Blessed Virgin. By Rev. R. Brennan. Large 4to., illustrated, half-morocco ...	40	0
Liguori (St.) Life of ...	8	0
Literature, Student's Handbook By Rev. O. L. Jenkins ...	6	0
Little Lives of Great Saints ...	4	0
Little Rose of the Sacred Heart ...	2	0
Little Saint of Nine Years. From French of Mgr. de Segur ...	2	0
Little Treatise on the Little Virtues. By Fr. Roberti, S.J. ...	2	0
Little Treatise on Little Sufferings ...	1	0
Lives of the Deceased Bishops of the Catholic Church in the United States. By R. H. Clarke. 2 vols. ...	24	0
Lives of the Saints. By Butler. 4 vols., 8vo., 32s. ; gilt, 36s. ; or bound in 2 vols., 8vo., 24s. ; gilt ...	28	0
Lives of the Saints, Pictorial, with Reflection for Every Day ...	14	0
Lives of Patron Saints. Illustrated (<i>Patron</i>) ...	10	0
Louisa Kirkbride. By Fr. Thébaud. Illustrated ...	6	0
Loretto ; or, The Choice. By G. H. Miles ...	3	0
Maidens of Hallowed Names ...	4	0
Maddalena ; The Orphan of the Via Media ...	3	0
Manual of the Sacred Thirst (to repress Intemperance) ...	2	6
Marcelle. A True Story. 2s., superior edition ...	3	0

Margaret Mary (Blessed), Letters of (Sacred Heart) ...	2	0
Marriage, Sure Way to a Happy. By Fr. Taylor. 1s. 6d. paper ...	3	0
Mary, The Knowledge of. By Rev. J. de Concilio ...	5	0
Mary Magdalene (St.), Life of ...	2	0
Mass (The). History of. By Rev. J. O'Brien ...	6	0
Mass (The). The Holy Sacrifice for the Living and the Dead. By Michael Müller, C.S.S.R. ...	8	0
Meditations, Devout. By Crasset. Translated by Dorsey ...	6	0
Meditations for Every Day. By Vercruysse. 2 vols. ...	16	0
Miraculous Conversion (Captain) ...	2	0
Monk's Pardon. Translated by Anna T. Sadlier ...	5	0
Monks of the West. By the Count de Montalembert. 2 vols. ...	22	0
Moorish Princess of Toledo (Cassilda) ...	2	0
More (Sir Thomas). By Mrs. Monroe ...	5	0
Muard, Life of Rev. M. J.B. By Rt. Rev. Dom Robot, O.S.B. ...	5	0
Mysterious Beggar ...	2	0
Names that Live in Catholic Hearts ...	4	0
Neptune, The, at the Golden Horn. Illustrated ...	4	0
New Year Greetings. By St. Francis de Sales ...	1	0
Noethen's Church History ...	6	0
Novices, Manual of. By Author of 'Golden Sands' ...	4	0
Novitiate, Souvenir of the ...	3	0
O'Mahony, The, Chief of the Comeraghs. A Tale of '98 ...	5	0
Only a Waif. By R. A. Braendle ('Pips') ...	3	0
Orphan of Alsace ...	2	0
Orphan of Moscow. By Mrs. Sadlier ...	3	0
Paradise of God: or, the Virtues of the Sacred Heart ...	3	0
Paradise on Earth ...	2	0
Pastoral Medicine. Capellmann. Trans. by Rev. W. Dassel ...	5	0
Patira. From the French of Raoul de Navery ...	5	0
Patron Saints. By E. A. Starr. Illustrated ...	10	0
Paulists' Sermons: Five Minutes, 1864, 1865, 1871, each...	5	0
Pearl among the Virtues, The. By Rev. P. A. De Doss, S.J. ...	3	0
Pearl of Antioch. By Abbé Bayle ...	5	0
Perico the Sad; or, the Alvareda Family, and other Stories ...	5	0
Philomena (St.), Life and Miracles of ...	2	0
Philosophy, Elements of, comprising Logic and General Principles of Metaphysics. By Rev. Fr. Hill, S.J. ...	6	0
Philosophy, Ethics, or Moral. By W. H. Hill, S.J. ...	6	0
Pius IX., Last Days of. By Rev. J. E. Keller, S.J. ...	8	0
Praxis Synodalis ...	3	0
Precepts of the Church. By Rev. M. Müller ...	7	0
Priest of Auvergnay, The, etc. ...	2	0
Protestant Reformation. By Archbishop Spalding ...	12	0
Protestant Reformation, &c. By Rev. T. S. Preston ...	4	0
Protestant and Catholic Civilization Compared (Future) ...	5	0
Raphaela. By Mlle. Monnot ...	5	0
Ravignan (Fr.), S. J., Life of. By Fr. de Ponlevoy ...	12	0
Recluse, The ...	2	0
Religious, The. By Rev. J. B. St. Jure. 2 vols. ...	18	0
Repertorium Oratoris Sacri: Outlines of 600 Sermons. 4 vols. ...	42	0
Richard; or, Devotion to the Stuarts, 2s. superior edition ...	3	0
Rosary, The, and the Five Scapulars. By Rev. M. Müller ...	5	0

Sacramentals, Prayer, Vices and Virtues, Christian Perfection, etc. By Rev. M. Müller	7	0
Sacred Chant, Manual of. By Fr. Mohr	2	6
Sacred Heart: Devotions for the first Friday of every month. By Père Huguet	2	0
Sacred Heart, Devotions to. By Rev. S. Franco, S.J.	3	0
Sacred Heart, Devotions to (<i>Little Virtues</i>)	2	0
Sacred Heart, Hours with	2	0
Sacred Heart, Manual. By Fr. Schouppe	1	6
Sacred Heart, Pearls from the Casket of	2	0
Sacred Heart, Virtues of. By Père Boudreaux, S.J.	3	0
Sacred Heart, Year of: A Thought for every day	2	0
Sally Cavanagh. By J. C. Kickham	4	0
Sanctuary Boy's Illustrated Manual	5	0
Scapulars (Five), The Devotion of. By Rev. M. Müller	5	0
Sermons for Every Sunday, etc.: Catholic Pulpit	10	0
Sermons, Short, for Low Masses. By Rev. Fr. Schouppe	8	0
Sermons, Repertorium Oratoris Sacri. 4 vols.	42	0
Sermons. Divine Paraclete. By Rev. T. S. Preston	4	0
Sermons. By the Paulists, 1864, 1865, 1871. Five Minutes, each	5	0
Sermons and Lectures. By Father Burke, O.P. 3 vols.	26	0
Sermons, Lectures, and Discourses. By Bp. Spalding	5	0
Sermons, One Hundred Short. By Rev. Fr. Thomas	10	0
Sermons on Our Lord, the B.V.M., and Moral Subjects. By Cardinal Wiseman. 2 vols.	12	0
Sermons (53), Preached in the Albany County Penitentiary. By Rev. T. Noethen	6	0
Sermons, Lectures, &c., of Rev. Dr. D. W. Cahill	8	0
Sermons or Lectures. By B. Chatard (<i>Christian Truths</i>)	5	0
Seton, Mgr., Essays on various subjects, chiefly Roman	8	0
Seton, Mrs., Order of Sisters of Charity	6	0
Short Stories on Christian Doctrine	4	0
Signs and Ceremonies, Teaching Truth by. Illustrated	4	0
Sister Natalie. By Mrs. Craven	4	0
Sisters of Charity, Manual of	4	0
Six Sunny Months, and other Stories	5	0
Society of Jesus, History of. By Daurignac	6	0
Spalding's (Abp.) Works. 5 vols.	40	0
Cheap edition: Evidences of Catholicity, 8s. Miscellanea, 12s.; Protestant Reformation, 12s.				
Spiritual Man. By St. Jure	6	0
Spiritual Direction. By Author of 'Golden Sands'	3	0
Stray Leaves from a Passing Life, and other Stories	6	0
Teaching Truth by Signs and Ceremonies	4	0
Teresa (St.), Life of. By Abbé Marie Joseph	4	0
Teresa (St.), Thoughts of, for every day in the Year	2	0
Thalia; or, Arianism and the Council of Nice. An Historical Tale of the Fourth Century. By the Abbé A. Bayle	5	0
Theologia Moralis S. Alphonsi Compendium. Auctore A. Konings, C.S.S.R. 2rs. 6d. 2 vols. in 1, half-morocco	27	0
Thesaurus Biblicus; or, Handbook of Scripture Reference	15	0
Thomas Aquinas (St.) Life of	4	0
Thomas's One Hundred Short Sermons	10	0

Truce of God. A Tale of the XI. Century. By Miles	...	3	0
True Men as We Need Them. By Rev. B. O'Reilly	...	10	0
Truths of Salvation. By Rev. J. Pergmayr, S.J.	...	4	0
Two Brothers	2	0
Vacation Days. By author of "Golden Sands"	...	4	0
Village Steeple, The. A Tale	2	0
Vincent's (St.) Manual	3	0
Visits to the Blessed Sacrament (<i>Friendly</i>)	...	0	6
Vows, Catechism of. By Cotel	1	6
Weninger's Conferences. 2 vols.	20	0
What Catholics do not Believe. By Bishop Ryan	...	1	0
Wiseman's (Cardinal) Essays. 6 vols.	30	0
Wiseman's (Cardinal) Sermons on Our Lord and B. V. M., and Moral Subjects. 2 vols. each	6	0
Woman of Culture. By J. T. Smith	5	0
Young Flower-Maker	2	0
Zita (St.), Life of	2	0
Verduyssen's Meditations for Every Day. 2 vols.	...	16	0

D R A M A S, etc.*

Babbler, The. A Drama in One Act. By Mrs. J. Sadlier. <i>Male</i>	1	6
Christmas Tree. Drama, One Act (<i>Mixed</i>)	1	6
Double Triumph, The. Dramatized from the Story of Placidus in the "Martyrs of the Coliseum." By Rev. A. J. O'Reilly. <i>Male</i>	2	6
Elder Brother, The. A Drama in Two Acts. By Mrs. J. Sadlier. <i>Male</i>	1	6
Fanny Allen, the First American Nun. A Drama in 5 Acts. <i>Female</i>	1	6
Invisible Hand, The. A Drama in Three Acts. <i>Male</i>	1	6
Irish Heroine. A Drama in 5 Acts. By Rev. J. de Concilio (<i>Mixed</i>)	1	6
Julia; or, The Gold Thimble. A Drama in One Act. By Mrs. J. Sadlier. <i>Female</i>	1	6
Knights of the Cross, The. A Sacred Drama in Three Acts. <i>Male</i>	2	6
Laurence and Xystus; or, the Illustrious Roman Martyrs. A Sacred Drama in Five Acts. <i>Male</i>	2	6
Major John Andre. An Historical Drama, Five Acts. <i>Male</i>	3	0
Marie Antoinette. An Historical Drama. <i>Female</i>	2	6
St. Helena; or, the Finding of the Holy Cross. A Drama in Three Acts. By Rev. J. A. Bergrath. <i>Female</i>	1	6
St. Louis in Chains. Drama, Five Acts. <i>Male</i> ...	3	0
Sylvia, and other Dramas.	6	0

All these prices are *nett*. (no reduction).

For the convenience of purchasers the following books referred to in the previous pages are arranged according to price :

6d.

A Friendly Voice ; or, the Daily Monitor.	The Golden Thought of Queen Beryl ; The Brother's Grave
The Brigand Chief, and other Tales	The Rod that Bore Blossoms ; Patience and Impatience
Now is the Accepted Time, &c.	Clare's Sacrifice
What a Child can Do, and other Tales	Nellie Gordon, the Factory Girl
Sowing Wild Oats, &c.	Sir Ælfric, and other Tales
The Two Hosts, and other Tales	Adolphus ; or, the Good Son
The Lost Children of Mount St. Bernard	Nicholas ; or, the Reward of a Good Action
The Baker's Boy ; or, the Results of Industry	Pope Pius IX. By White
A Broken Chain	Our Blessed Lady of Lourdes
	Various Dramas (see page 19)

1s.

Father Placid	Life of St. Benedict
Rose Fortescue	Catherine's Promise, and Norah's Temptation
Moothoosawmy and other Indian Tales, by Lady Herbert	Annie's First Prayer, and Only a Picture
Emily, Nancy, &c., by Lady Herbert	St. Patrick
Two Cousins, &c., by Lady Herbert	My Dream and other Verses.
Kainer ; or, the Usurer's Doom	St. Bridget and other Saints of Ireland
The Fairy Ching	Bertram Eldon
The Two Friends	Story of a Paper Knife
Yellow Holly, and other Tales	The Village Lily
Tableaux Vivants, and other Tales	The Angels and the Sacraments
Wet Days, and other Tales	Sir Ælfric and other Tales
Fatal Consequence of Telling Lies	Diary of a Confessor of the Faith
Tom's Crucifix, and Pat's Rosary	Life, Passion, Death, and Resurrection of Our Lord
Good for Evil, and Joe Ryan's Repentance	St. Edmund of Canterbury
The Old Prayer Book, and Charlie Pearson's Medal	Our Lady of Lourdes
Stories for my Children	The Ever Blessed Virgin

Little Books of St. Nicholas. Tales for Children. By
REV. FRANCIS DREW. 1s. each. Nos. 1 to 8 are ready.

1. Oremus ; 2. Dominus Vobiscum ; 3. Pater Noster ; 4. Per
Jesum Christum ; 5. Veni Creator ; 6. Credo ; 7. Ave Maria ;
8. Ora pro nobis ; 9. Corpus Christi ; 10. Dei Genitrix ; 11. Re-
quiem ; 12. Miserere ; 13. Deo Gratias ; 14. Guardian Angel.

1s. 6d.

<p>Agnes Wilmott's History The Golden Thought and other Tales A Daughter of S. Dominic Legends of the XIIIth Century. Sketches of Life in Iceland Paul Seigneret Flowers of Christian Wisdom</p>	<p>Fairy Tales for Little Children The Memoirs of a French Child Walter Ferrers' School Days Sir Thomas Maxwell and his Ward The Mission Cross Catherine Hamilton</p>
--	---

2s.

<p>Life of St. Mildred The Adventures of a Protestant in Search of a Religion Life of St. Benedict 'To Rome and Back Life of St. Wenefred A Month at Lourdes The Three Wishes Terry O'Flinn</p>	<p>Twelve Stories of the Jewish Church The Monk of the Monastery of Yuste (Charles V.) Catherine Grown Older Countess Adelstan Story of the Life of St. Paul Recollections of Card. Wiseman</p>
---	---

2s. 6d.

<p>Bobbie and Birdie Our Esther Gamekeeper's Little Son My Golden Days Little Rose of the Sacred Heart Cassilda ; or, the Moorish Prin- cess of Toledo Captain Rougemont ; or, the Miraculous Conversion Bertha ; or the Consequences of a Fault Father Mathew Anthony ; or, the Silver Crucifix The Better Part Blanche de Marsil'y The Burgomaster's Daughter Indian Sketches George Lawson</p>	<p>Instructions for First Commu- nicants Great-Grandmother's Secret Marcelle Tales The Story of Marie, and other The Adventures of a Casket Life of St. Mary Magdalene The Orphan of Alsace Life of St. Philomena The Priest of Auvrigny Strange Village and other Stories The Village Steeple The Battle of Connemara Industry and Laziness Sophia and Eulalie—Catholic Pilgrim's Progress Holy Places</p>
---	---

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

3s.

The Most Beautiful among the
Children of Men
For Better, *not* For Worse
True Wayside Tales
Gathered Gems from Spanish
Authors
Gretchen's Gift
Cistercian Legends
Chats about the Commandments
Chats about the Rosary
Margarethe Verflassen

The Conquest of Grenada
Out in the Cold World
Jack's Boy
The Feasts of Camelot
Fluffy : a Tale for Boys
Catherine Hamilton & Catherine
grown Oldes
Pearl among the Virtues
Barbara Leigh The Lost Son
St. Angela Merici

3s. 6d.

Tales from many Lands
Tim O'Halloran's Choice
Tom's Crucifix, and other Tales
The Adventures of a Protestant
in Search of a Religion
My Lady at Last
The Rose of Venice
St. Francis of Assisi
Stories of Martyr Priests
Legends of the Saints
Father Benvenuto Bambozzi
Eagle and Dove

Stories of the Saints. 1st Series
Stories of the Saints. 2nd Series
Stories of the Saints. 3rd Series
Stories of the Saints. 4th Series
Stories of the Saints. 5th Series
Stories of Holy Lives
Blessed Giovanni Colombini
Gregory Lopez, the Hermit
Ven. Canori Mora
Venerable Anna Maria Taigi
Life of Fr. Hermann
Rest, on the Cross

4s.

Maidens of Hallowed Names
Adventures of a Casquet
My First Communion
Fisherman's Daughter. By
Munroe!
Great Grandmother's Secret
Paradise of God
Bertha ; or, the Consequence of
a Fault
Dalaraida ; or, the Days of King
Milcho
Conscience's, The Amulet
The Young Doctor
The Fisherman's Daughter
Count Hugo
The Conscript and Blind Rosa
The Village Innkeeper

Happiness of Being Rich
Ludovic and Gertrude
The Truce of God
Memoirs of a Guardian Angel
Adventures of a Captain
Fickle Fortune
The Four Seasons
Golden Sands. 1st Series
Golden Sands. 2nd Series
The King's Page and other
Stories
Marcelle. A true story
Only a Waif
Souvenir of the Novitiate
Vacation Days
History of the Italian Revolution

5s.

St. Vincent Ferrer
 St. Bernardine of Siena
 St. Philip Benizi
 St. Veronica Giuliani
 St. John of God
 Recollections of a Missionary
 The Days of King Milcho
 Only a Waif

Butler's Lives of the Saints, selected by Mgr. Goddard
 Killed at Sedan
 Alice Harmon and other Tales
 Bible History. Illustrated
 The Joint Venture
 Catholic Keepsake

6s.

Lives of the Early Popes
 Albertus Magnus
 Life of Mother Mary Jacqueline Favre, and others
 Life of Sister Claude Simplicienne Fardel, and others
 St. Columba
 St. Boniface
 Perico the Sad and other Tales
 Panegyrics of Father Segneri
 The Knowledge of Mary
 The O'Mahony
 Raphaela

Six Sunny Months and other Stories
 Stray Leaves and other Stories
 Thalia. An Historical Tale
 The Two Brides
 Alba's Dream and other Stories
 Assunta Howard and other Stories
 Emerald Gems
 Letters of a Young Irishwoman to her Sister
 Louise Lateau

6s. 6d., to 48s.

Life of Père Hermann, 4s. 6d.
 Père Lacordaire, 6s. 6d.
 Life of St. Francis Xavier, 8s.
 Goffine's Explanation of the Epistles and Gospels. Illustrated. 9s.
 Lives of First Religious of the Visitation. 2 vols., 10s.
 Life of St. Ligouri, 10s.
 Life of the Blessed Virgin. Illustrated. 10s.
 Genius of Christianity. 10s. 6d.
 True Men as we need them. 10s. 6d.
 Louisa Kirkbride. 10s. 6d.

Lives of Irish Martyrs and Confessors. 12s.
 Spalding's Reformation, 14s.
 Pictorial Lives of the Saints. 15s.
 Butler's Lives of the Saints. 2 vols., 28s., gilt, 36s.
 St. Jure's Knowledge and Love of Our Lord. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.
 Butler's Lives of the Saints. 4 vols., 36s., gilt, 42s.
 Cardinal Wiseman's Essays. 6 vols., 36s.
 Darras' Church History. 4 vols. 48s.

HOLY FAMILY CARD OF MEMBERSHIP.

A BEAUTIFUL DESIGN : All who have seen it admire it, and say Nothing equals it.

*Price 6d., or post free, on a roller, 8d. Twelve copies
4s. 6d., or 5s. post free.*

Medals, 3d., 4d., and 6d. each.

FIRST COMMUNION CARD.

This is also a very Beautiful Design, and commends itself to all who have seen it. It is also arranged as a Memento of Confirmation and Baptism.

*Price 6d., or post free, on a roller, 8d. Twelve copies
for 4s. 6d., or post free 5s.*

Medals in Silver, 1s., 2s., and 3s. 6d. each.

CHILDREN OF MARY CARD.

Price 9d., or post free, on a roller, 1s.

Medals, 2d. and 3d. each ; or in Silver, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s., 4s., 5s., 6s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each.

Child of Mary Manual, 1s. Rule, 1d.

R. Washbourn's COMPLETE Catalogue, post free.

R Washbourn, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

THE CHILD'S PICTURE PRAYER BOOK.

In simple language and in large type, on good paper, beautifully illustrated.

The Contents of the book are Morning Prayers, The Angelus, Grace before and after Meals, Night Prayers, Litany of the Blessed Virgin, The Memorare, Prayers during Holy Mass, Divine Praises, Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, Hymns, De Profundis, and the Rosary for the Dead.

The illustrations are 16 in number, each occupying a full page.

The binding is in cloth, with a cover designed expressly for the book and the price, with the pictures in two tints, is 1s., or in prettier binding, 1s. 6d.; full gilt, 2s.; with the pictures in seven colours, 1s. 6d., or in prettier binding, 2s.; full gilt, 2s. 6d.

THE LITTLE GARDEN ILLUSTRATED.

Abridged in the Latin, with 16 full-page Illustrations: cloth, 1s., with Epistles and Gospels, 1s. 6d.; roan, 1s. 6d.; French morocco, 2s. ditto, extra gilt, 2s. 6d.; calf or morocco, 3s. 6d.; ditto, extra gilt, 4s. 6d.; with Epistles and Gospels 6d. extra on the above.

R. WASHBOURNE'S POPULAR EDITION OF THE GARDEN OF THE SOUL.

This edition of **THE GARDEN OF THE SOUL** is especially distinguished by bearing the **IMPRIMATUR OF THE CARDINAL-ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER**. Amongst the many valuable additions, not before inserted in **THE GARDEN OF THE SOUL**, will be found the rites of administering the Sacraments in Latin and English, Devotions to the Sacred Heart, Devotion of the Quarant' Ore, the Prayers for a Journey, or Itinerarium, Devotions to the Angel Guardians, The Way of the Cross, the Devotion of the Bona Mors, and many other devotions, and the Vespers in ordinary use. Especial attention is directed to the excellent paper and bold type used in the edition.

Embossed, 1s.; with rims and clasps, 1s. 6d.; with Epistles and Gospels 1s. 6d.; with rims and clasp, 2s. French morocco, 2s.; with rims and clasps, 2s. 6d.; with Epistles and Gospels, 2s. 6d.; with rims and clasps, 3s. French morocco, extra gilt, 2s. 6d.; with rims and clasp, 3s.; with Epistles and Gospels, 3s.; with rims and clasp, 3s. 6d.

Calf or morocco, 4s., with clasp, 5s. 6d.; extra gilt, 5s., or 6s. 6d. with clasp. Calf or morocco, extra gilt, 5s., with clasp, 6s. 6d. Morocco' with two patent clasps, 12s. Morocco antique, with corners and two clasps, 18s. Velvet, with rims and clasp, 8s., 10s. 6d., 13s. Russia, with clasp, 10s., 12s. 6d. Russia antique, with corners and two clasps, 20s. Ivory, with rims and clasp, 12s. 6d., 16s., 20s., 22s. 6d.

Any of the above can be had with Epistles and Gospels, 6d. extra. The Epistles and Gospels may be had separately, cloth, 6d., or 4s. per dozen; roan, 1s. 6d.

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

